3 1761 08695572 1

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/elalcaldedezalam00cald

EL ALCALDE DE ZALAMEA.

Published by the University of Manchester at
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS (H. M. McKechnie, M.A., Secretary)
12 Lime Grove, Oxford Road, MANCHESTER

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
London : 39 Paternoster Row
New York : 443-449 Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street
Chicago : Prairie Avenue and Twenty-Fifth Street
Bombay : 8 Hornby Road
Calcutta : 6 Old Court House Street
Madras : 167 Mount Road

C1465a

Modern Language Texts
SPANISH SERIES
General Editor—E. ALLISON PEERS

EL ALCALDE DE ZALAMEA

BY

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA

EDITED BY

IDA FARNELL
Formerly Scholar of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford,
Author of "Spanish Prose and Poetry, Old and New"

171169
12/5/22

MANCHESTER,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
12 LIME GROVE, OXFORD ROAD,

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,
LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, ETC.
1921

PREFACE.

SPAIN is a country still too little known, and it is important that we should arrive at a more sympathetic understanding of her, as of other nations. What, therefore, various scholars have done for French and German literary works, I am attempting for a Spanish drama. I am convinced from long experience that the knowledge of a country is an enormous aid towards the fuller appreciation of its literature; consequently it has been my special aim to give in the space available some perception of the atmosphere which Calderon breathed, and the conditions under which he worked. Of necessity much has been omitted, which students will, I hope, find later in the editions of other works. Help in historical grammar and in philology must be sought elsewhere, nor do I hold with those, who in past years have made the works of men of genius mere stepping-stones to such knowledge.

It is generally recognised that the teaching of literature, or the attempt in writing to inspire others with an enthusiasm for it, is one of peculiar difficulty. I am sure, however, that the main thing is to awaken this enthusiasm, and not to deaden it by an over-accumulation of mere facts. In addressing myself, more especially, to the students of Universities or the upper forms of schools, I have, therefore, endeavoured to tell my tale in a simple and direct fashion, and to make them realise as vividly as may be the beauty of the drama given for study, and something of the land that gave it birth.

As in other books of this series notes are supplied, but are kept within due limits, and a short Bibliography follows them. In the notes, more especially, I have owed much to the works of the late Mr. Norman McColl and Professor Krenkel. I am indebted also to Mr. Allison Peers for much valuable advice.

I. F.

REIGATE,
June, 1921.

CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	vii
EL ALCALDE DE ZALAMEA	1
NOTES	112
BIBLIOGRAPHY	124

INTRODUCTION.

I.

SPAIN UNDER THE HAPSBURGS.

It is hardly possible to have a right appreciation of a drama so intensely national as the Spanish, without some general idea of Spain's history, her people and her institutions.

Among the world's tragic stories there is none more deeply so than that of Spain, none that more tends to waken the tragic emotions of pity and terror. Nations there are (let us remember our own times !) so steeped in guilt that their fall, however awe-inspiring, serves to fulfil our conception of divine justice. Spain, however, even in the period of her lowest degradation, never wholly loses her claim on human sympathy. The witness of her people's downfall is moved to the heart at the sufferings of a race, intrinsically noble, a race of lofty ideals and great achievements, and he involuntarily makes the "luckless stars" more than half responsible for evil done.

The Spanish at their best were, and are, generous, valiant, courteous and delicately sensitive in all matters of honour. The struggle of nearly eight centuries against the forces of Islam made them strong and hardy. A spirit of democratic equality prevailed among them, for all alike claimed Gothic descent ; their deep loyalty to their king was without servility, that, in fact, of free-born men, honouring their race's representative. Free institutions flourished in their midst, the towns enjoyed self-government, and the right of taxation rested with the *Cortes*.[1] In the happiest period of Spanish history an unusually high standard of justice was maintained in the courts. A generous tolerance in religious matters, learnt it would seem from the Arabs, marked during the middle ages the attitude of Castile towards the alien races living in her midst, and the Jews long held a higher position there than anywhere else in Europe. It was through contact, indeed, with Jews and Arabs that the Spanish transmitted

[1] The *Cortes* of Castile had lost its independence by the time of Philip II.

to other Western nations the philosophy and culture of Greece and the East. This is one great service rendered by Spain to Europe in the course of her history, another being that for several centuries she was Europe's chief bulwark against the Moslem invader.

Union of Aragon and Castile.

Disunion, the one great hindrance to progress, seemed likely to cease when the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. The conquest of Granada was the final and complete victory over the Moors, and was contemporaneous with the discovery and acquisition of America. This was the culminating point of the national greatness, a time of high enthusiasm and splendid energy. The sixteenth century was one of brilliant intellectual life, and it was only very gradually that the deadening influence of the spiritual enslavement, which the Inquisition established, made itself perceptible. The Inquisition, to the introduction of which the saintly Isabella reluctantly consented, was in its beginning mainly directed against the nobles, a large number of whom were the sons of Jewish mothers, and were falling away from the Christian faith. As it was a check on the power of the nobles, it was, on the whole, popular with the lower orders. Later it was brought to bear against the Jews and Moriscos, leading ultimately to the expulsion of the very races that largely contributed to Spain's prosperity.

Charles the Fifth (1516).

It was a misfortune, big with fatal consequences, that the early death of Ferdinand and Isabella's only son, made their mad daughter, Juana, heiress of their united kingdoms. Her marriage with Philip of Austria brought the Hapsburgs into Spain. The vast German and Burgundian dominions of her son, Charles V.,[1] led to all the fearful entanglement of European wars, in which Spain was in no wise concerned, but through which she was steadily drained of her best blood. The Spanish soldiers were for generations the finest in Europe. Of excellent physique, intelligent and temperate, their "*Esprit de corps* and sense of military honour were higher than in any other nation." With such material at his disposal, the ambitious Charles, who had inherited from his Spanish grandmother, Isabella,

[1] Fifth of Austria and First of Spain.

a strong religious sense, aspired to be the champion of the orthodox faith and to unite Catholic Europe under his banner.

For such an enterprise, however, the population and material resources of Spain were wholly inadequate. Moreover, Charles was on all sides beset with difficulties. In the north and east there was the formidable rivalry of France; in the south lay the ever-dreaded menace of the Moslem nations, while in the far west there was Spanish America calling for organisation and development. One of these tasks should have sufficed, but he must needs undertake them all, and thus he expended the nation's best energies. As has been said, "That she sank after a century and a half of greatness need excite no wonder, marvellous rather was the tenacity which held its grip so long." An intense religious pride persuaded the Spanish that they were God's chosen people, bound them together under their king as one divinely appointed, and long sealed their eyes to their rapidly declining power. Nor were ambitious wars the only cause of their ruin. Lack of practical ability was with them an inherent weakness. A bad government and a thoroughly mistaken fiscal system gradually destroyed their great industries. As prosperity declined, rapacity increased, and with an unprincipled horde of government officials, comparatively little of the treasure brought by the great galleons from the Indies reached the royal coffers.

Charles, prematurely worn out, abdicated in favour of his son, Philip II. We, who know this latter as our implacable foe, as a dull bigot and a cruel persecutor, learn by a closer study of facts to realise that he had at the same time qualities which win him our respect, and endeared him to his subjects more perhaps than any other of their monarchs. According to his lights he was deeply religious, and was admirable in his private life. His conscience was, it is true, jesuitical and allowed him to do cruel acts in the pursuit of high aims, but he never wilfully sinned against it. While his father always remained more than half Flemish, Philip was nothing that was not Spanish. He loved his country, upheld justice, and steadily protected the poor man against the oppressions of the rich. The people saw in him a wise, just and righteous monarch as Calderon depicts him in our play. Moreover they instinctively recognised in him their natural represent-

Philip the Second (1556).

ative; his bigotry, his spiritual pride were theirs, so also his high ideals and his aspirations.

Philip had a strong nature capable of bearing with Christian fortitude, crushing national and domestic misfortunes and much physical suffering. He was intensely laborious, but his industry was in this respect harmful that he undertook far more than he was able to perform, and his centralising system led to bureaucracy which proved the curse of Spain. He is aptly described in the following words: "One whose really kind nature and gentle instincts were surrounded, as his people's were, by the confining walls that shut out pity and human charity, and whose eyes were centred upon the one sacred cause of God and his country."

His difficulties.

As a monarch his difficulties were even greater than those against which his far abler father had to contend; and for the forty-two years of his reign he patiently plodded on, seeking to overcome them, while fully conscious of the desperate condition of his realm. His problems from within were greater, if possible, than those from without. Spain consisted of autonomies, united by a common religion, but in other respects loosely bound together and extremely hard to govern. These in some cases failed to realise that the pursuit of great ambitions called for great sacrifices. The independent *Cortes* of Aragon and Catalonia resisted successfully heavy financial burdens, which fell with crushing severity on Castile. Much, therefore, of the king's energy was absorbed in the effort to subdue these proud states to his will, and re-adjust on a more equitable basis the taxation necessary for the maintenance of his wars.

Another source of heavy anxiety lay in the alien races of Spain. The industry and high intelligence of the Moriscos were valuable assets; on the other hand their steady encouragement of the pirates of Tripoli was a danger. Philip chose the doubtful policy of seizing upon the rebellion of the Moors of Granada in 1568 as an excuse for dealing them a crushing defeat. Their expulsion, which was completed by 1570, was another deadly blow at his already fast declining industries.

Lepanto (1571).

Spaniards are justly proud of a victory which relieved Christendom from a long-standing menace, and which has been celebrated in one of their most splendid war-lyrics. The Turks had taken Cyprus, and were ravaging the coasts of the Mediterranean, when the

brilliant young commander, Don John of Austria, was placed by Philip at the head of one of the finest fleets ever known in those waters. Seeking out the enemy in the Bay of Lepanto, Don John gained a memorable victory over them. In the Chapel of the Escurial the seat is still shown where Philip received the good news from Don Lope de Figueroa. Outwardly unmoved, he continued his prayers, till vespers were over, and then ordered a *Te Deum* to be chanted.

Conquest of Portugal.

The conquest of Portugal was another occasion for general rejoicing, and has a special connection with our play. On the death of the King of Portugal without a direct heir, Philip II., though his legal rights were weak, placed himself among the claimants to its vacant throne. Tempted by Portugal's enormous wealth, he ordered the Duke of Alba to prepare for its invasion. Early, therefore, in the year 1580, Alba proceeded to Estremadura; and establishing himself in Llerena, gathered together an army and marched into Portugal, which he speedily subdued.

In September of the same year Philip was proclaimed king. He did not, however, himself enter the conquered country till 1581, as, by his own illness and by his queen's death, he was for many months detained in Badajoz.

Philip's death.

Heavy national misfortunes clouded Philip's last years. None bore the loss of the "Invincible Armada" with a more serene courage than himself. Other humiliations followed, and death after a most painful illness was no unwelcome guest. "Keep faithful to the Holy Catholic Church, and treat your subjects with justice" were his last words to his heir, the weak and priest-ridden Philip III.

Philip the Third (1598).

The new king was absolutely without the genius for government, which alone might have saved Spain; moreover, he placed himself in the hands of a favourite, the Duke of Lerma, whose reckless extravagance hurried on the general dissolution. In the people at large the high faith in God and in themselves was fast giving way to disillusionment and cynical despair. Sloth and arrogance were the prevailing sins, and religion was becoming with the many mere superstition, divorced from morality. In spite of the growing poverty of the land there remained an absurd belief in the boundless wealth of the State, on which all who could, preyed without scruple.

Philip IV., at whose court Calderon lived the best days of his life, came to the throne at the early age of sixteen. He inherited an appalling mass of difficulties with which he was wholly unfit to cope. Excessive burdens were bringing his people to the verge of starvation, and even more intolerable than the heavy taxes were the corrupt and oppressive methods by which they were collected.

Philip the Fourth (1621).

That the young king realised the state of affairs, and was sincerely anxious to reduce the expenditure is certain, " Grief is in my soul," he says on one occasion, " to see my subjects suffer so bitterly through the acts of my officers ; if my own life-blood could remedy it I would give it freely," An important MS. comparatively recently published, describes the king speaking to his council, some five years after his accession, of the complete financial exhaustion of the State. With the Oriental fatalism characteristic of his people, he declared that God had willed it so, " for no matter how adequate may be the remedies I adopt, our sins suffice to condemn all our affairs to the most miserable state imaginable." The measures he took to stem the tide of national extravagance were well-meant, but too fatally like the old woman's broom of the story. It was useless to put down expenditure in dress, or order mutton for the royal table in the place of game, while he failed to grasp that the only hope of salvation lay in the encouragement of trade and commerce, and the complete withdrawal from foreign wars.

Philip IV. was a man with good impulses, but constitutionally indolent and sensual, and he leant during the first portion of his reign on the ambitious, hard-working Olivares, who practically ruled the State. The worst thing that can be said of this minister is that, with a view to maintaining his hold on the king he lent himself to his debaucheries ; the best, that he honestly pushed on reforms, and though, like all Spaniards of his period, he clung to war, he was rigidly economical in all internal matters. One fact he clearly grasped, namely, that Spain was in sore need of unification, but he did not see that Spanish individualism was not then curable, and so, by pressing on his favourite policy, he ran counter to Spanish provincialism, roused into rebellion the turbulent Catalans (1640), promoted disunion where he sought for closer union, and thus precipitated his own downfall.

Olivares.

Portugal had ere this regained her independence, a bitter blow to Philip, who, further roused by the influence of his first queen, took for a time the reins into his own hands. Misfortune dogged him, however. The long struggle against France resulted in the Peace of the Pyrénées, wholly humiliating to Spain. Apart from these national troubles, family sorrows came to him. The death of the queen (1644) had been followed by that of the young prince, Baltasar Carlos (1646), his only male heir, a loss that well-nigh broke Philip's heart, and was the cause of long warfare in the years to come. His second marriage in middle age to his niece, Mariana of Austria, a selfish, pleasure-loving young girl of fifteen, brought him small happiness. A last blow fell on him a few months before his death in the loss of an army, gathered together in the vain attempt to regain Portugal. "I want no more health" (so he writes within a short time of his end), "or anything else than shall be for God's service, only that His holy will be executed on me."

Philip the Fourth's Losses.

The complex nature of Philip IV. is an interesting and fruitful psychological study, inasmuch as he is a representative Spaniard of his period. Generous, tender-hearted and sensitive, he was good in intentions but weak in will. The flesh was ever at war with the spirit, and too often successfully. Slothful and unpractical, he was by turns rigidly economical and foolishly extravagant. For years he was in correspondence with Sor Maria, the noble-minded Abbess of Agreda, and his letters to her lay bare the inner workings of his sin-laden soul. They reveal him as an agonised spectator of his country's decline, tortured by the conviction that it was his own sins that were bringing God's judgment upon it. In our National Gallery can be seen Velasquez's marvellous portrait of the king when an elderly, worn-out man of the world, with dull, weary eyes and the heavy, hanging under-lip of his race. But the youthful Philip could be both gay and witty, and in youth as in age, he was a lover of the fine arts, with a quick eye for genius, and its steadily generous patron during a reign which was Spain's golden age of art and literature.

His Character.

Unhappy Spain sank rapidly during the reign of Charles II., Philip's only surviving heir by his second wife. Charles was on the borderland of idiocy, victim of premature senile decay,

and at all times unfit for rule. Mariana, who for eleven years acted as Regent, was a hard unscrupulous Austrian, and she allowed the country to be the prey of German vampires. The once thriving industries were dead, sloth was universal, and famine began to threaten even the royal palace. The population of the capital, 400,000, in the last king's reign, sank to half that number. The invasion of Flanders by Louis XIV. again forced Spain into war, and brought her yet further on the path of destruction; and in her government the common sense and devotion to duty that might have been of some avail were utterly lacking. Louis and the Emperor were both claimants to the succession, and the last testament of Charles, who died without issue, made war inevitable. "Like the last flickering ember of what was once a great furnace, the degenerate, worn-out race of the Spanish Hapsburgs sank to its inglorious end after nearly two centuries of sustained calamity, unexampled in the history of the world."

Charles II. (1665-1700).

That an age of decadence, such as that of Philip III. and Philip IV., should at the same time be one when the literature and art of Spain reached their highest development, may seem at first sight a strange phenomenon. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Church, though it was hostile to science and any form of theological speculation, tolerated, and indeed often encouraged works of an imaginative nature. Many prominent men were closely connected with it. Cervantes died a Franciscan friar, Calderon was a priest, Lope de Vega and Tirso de Molina were members of the "Holy Office." With painting and poetry thus accepted by the Church and, moreover, generously dealt with by the throne, there flourished a noble band of men, whose names are Spain's greatest glory, and whose influence, spreading through Europe, has lasted even to our own day. Cervantes takes his place among the world's great men of genius, Lope de Vega and Calderon among the best dramatists of modern Europe, while Tirso and Alarcon come at least near them in excellence. Quevedo, a master of social satire, played a brilliant part at the court of Philip IV., whose royal palace, *El Buen Retiro*, the gift of Olivares, was a centre of poetry, art and culture. As court-painter, Velasquez, prince of impressionists, lived for thirty-seven years, thinking his own thoughts, solving his own problems, one of

Literature and Art.

the most original masters the world has perhaps ever known, while in Seville was working the gentle, pure-minded Murillo, in whom were united the truly Spanish qualities of homely realism and southern warmth and richness of colouring. Madrid with all its seventeenth century filth and squalor was yet a centre for pleasure-lovers and connoisseurs, and its auction sales drew art-collectors from all Europe.

The old house in Madrid, where Calderon lived and died, still exists. It is well to realise something of the atmosphere of a city, where he and so many others of renown moved and had their being.

Madrid in Calderon's time and our own.

Madrid is essentially a modern city, for it only emerged from obscurity in the age of Charles V., and it was his son Philip who first made it the Spanish capital, widening its streets and building its chief squares. It stands on a plateau of some 2,000 feet above the sea-level. In climate it is a town of violent contrasts, for in winter the wind is searchingly cold, and in summer the heat is well-nigh intolerable. Compensations, however, exist, for there are many days in the year when the air is crisp and invigorating with a delicious clearness of atmosphere, while the sun is indeed glorious as he sets behind the great mountain-range. The surrounding country has a certain grand impressiveness, a severity of beauty, typical of Spain, her character and much of her literature; and it is by familiarising oneself with it that one best learns to appreciate the lovely backgrounds of Velasquez's pictures, treasured now in the Prado gallery. When in Madrid, stand on the terrace near the royal palace, and you will see with delight the rolling expanse of the Vega, backed by the Guadarrama mountains, their purple depths harmonising with the rich brown of the foreground, and the variegated greens of the noble parks and gardens lying outside the town, while further away lies *El Pardo*, Philip IV.'s favourite hunting seat, familiar to all lovers of our National Gallery. It is true that the Manzanares beneath you is a poor little river, and from the imposing Bridge of Toledo one realises the point of the Madrileños' merry jest that it would be well to sell the bridge and buy water with the proceeds. Yet this small river is noteworthy, for it figured largely in all the gay *fêtes-champêtres* of Philip IV.'s day, and its banks frequently appear in dramas of the classical period.

Where now stands the modern palace, stood in the seventeenth century the old *alcázar*, in which Velasquez painted his crowning masterpiece, *Las Meninas*. From those lofty rooms, full of luminous gloom, there looked out on the earth and the fulness thereof the keenest eyes that have perhaps ever scanned its every detail. In the Vega beneath it the master places his three great equestrian portraits—Philip IV., a regal-looking rider then in his prime; Olivares, splendid in brilliance of colouring; and the pathetic figure of little Don Balthasar, galloping across the wind-swept, undulating plain, in the grace of childhood and with small sense of impending doom.

In the life-time of Calderon, Madrid was far from being the fine city it is now. The private houses were mostly of one storey, and this because of the heavy claims made by the Crown on all higher ones. The Calle Mayor already existed, also the historical Plaza Mayor leading out of it, then the centre of the city's life. Here were held the *autos sacramentales*, the bull-fights, and on rare occasions, the terrible *autos de fe*. Beyond the gate of the Puerta del Sol lay the new palace of the Buen Retiro with its beautiful park. Here in Calderon's *Mañanas de Abril y Mayo*, lovers met on bright spring mornings, and in that play it is thus described :—

Esta mañana salí
A ese verde, hermoso sitio,
A esa divina maleza,
A ese ameno paraiso,
A ese Parque, rica alfombra
Del más supremo edificio.

The earliest theatres were courtyards, enclosed by houses; there were only two of these in Madrid when Lope de Vega began his career there. The first one in the capital dates from 1579 (an epoch-making year in our own literary life), and it is an interesting fact that the "Principe" and the "Cruz," two of the chief theatres of modern Madrid, stand on the site of these primitive constructions.

In the play-houses of the classical period the stage long remained without a roof, and was very simple in its arrangements. Rows of benches, covered with an awning, faced it, and behind these was the "patio" or pit, in which stood the crowd. Women of the lower classes were also on the ground floor, but in an enclosed gallery, nicknamed the Stew-pan

At the grated windows of the surrounding houses, or the boxes as they later became, noble gentlemen and ladies sat unseen. Young nobles, moreover, sat on stools on the stage, so that the Spanish theatres were very similar to Elizabethan ones. The "groundlings" or "mosqueteros" were noisily self-assertive, and Mme. d'Aulnoy speaks of a certain cobbler, on whose decision depended the success of every new play. A southern audience is even now far more demonstrative than one of our own country in the expression of disapproval, and we read that when ill-pleased a seventeenth century crowd "blew whistles, rang bells, sprang rattles and threw cucumbers on to the stage."

The manager by way of conciliating the audience usually began the proceedings with the *Loa*, i.e. the Compliment, which formed the prologue. After the first act followed the interlude, and dances after Acts II. and III.

It is important to realise that from about 1587 actresses took the female parts, and often acquired a position of great influence.

Philip IV. had splendid private theatres in his palaces; in that of the Buen Retiro Olivares encouraged performances of great magnificence. The back of the stage could be thrown open, showing the gardens and lake in the background. On a floating theatre the stage was on one occasion wrecked by a sudden thunderstorm.

Life in the streets was full of violent contrasts. Vice and poverty were rampant, and in the midst of the mud and filth, richly dressed cavaliers jostled with beggars and vagrants, while great ladies in their vast farthingales, and with faces hidden all but the right eye, passed by in their litters or coaches.

For the better understanding of Calderon's age some slight study of modern Madrid may be helpful, for though in many respects cosmopolitan and progressive, it is in others essentially Spanish, and much that is of the past yet lingers there.[1] Herds of goats and the ubiquitous Spanish donkey are common enough; carts, drawn by great oxen swing lazily by; the tide of people, the "extraordinary, vital mass" that Borrow delighted in, is in the main Castilian. Stately *caballeros* still wear in winter with a grace peculiar to them the Spanish *capa* of many folds, faced with plush of brilliant scarlet, blue

[1] The writer speaks of Madrid as last seen by her in 1913.

or green. With faces often keenly intelligent, they pace leisurely along, and fix admiring eyes on lovely, dark-eyed *señoritas* (for nothing that is said of Spanish beauty is exaggerated) who walk demurely by the side of their mothers, dressed in black and wearing the pretty *velo* of Castile. The *torero* passes by, and peasants from outlying districts with bright sashes and quaint headgear. Soldiers of the king's guard, fine, agile men on Andalusian horses, add colour to the scene. All this varied crowd is in many ways quite different from that of a northern capital. To begin with, there is absolutely no jostling of any kind. Spaniards are never in a hurry, and it has been said that they generally spend about four hours daily in explaining that they are much too busy to perform the special thing required of them.

The streets of Madrid were in the seventeenth century infested by criminals of every sort; but there is now surprisingly little hooliganism in them. An air of grave courtesy seldom forsakes the true Castilian; the irritability and nervous strain born of over-pressure are unknown to him. Moreover he is simple in his habits and extremely sober, and the money-making instinct is not his.

Courtship in Madrid still continues at times on the lines familiar to readers of Calderon's comedies. A pretty girl of good position may be seen and admired in church or street. Forthwith the admirer follows her at a discreet distance to her home, and from the usually well-informed house-porter with the help of a sufficiently large *douceur*, obtains the necessary details as to her family, position and means. If these satisfy him, he places himself that evening and many following ones under her balcony, and if he succeeds in interesting the girl, the two engage in a series of whispered dialogues, which the watchman in his rounds has the good taste not to disturb. Meanwhile the father, who ere long gets wind of the matter, makes full enquiries on his part as to the young man's position and reputation. If these are to his mind, he is prepared to smile on the suitor, when he at length pays a formal call on the parents, and after a long time (for courtship may drag on for years in Spain) takes with his lady's approval definite steps towards winning the father's consent to a marriage.

II.

THE RISE OF THE DRAMA WITH ITS CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS.

THE Spanish drama, like that of England and of France, was derived from the mystery plays of the Middle Ages. These were at first acted by the clergy in the churches, and later on, falling into the hands of the laity, were performed by them in the market places. It is probable that of these religious plays of Spain, a large number once existed; if so, these with one exception have been entirely lost. Many early dramas of the reign of Philip II. have also disappeared; and, passing over two or three names of minor importance, we come to that of Rueda (1510(?)-1565), whom Cervantes and Lope de Vega call "the true founder of the popular national theatre," and who started on his career shortly before the appearance of the early English comedies, *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Lope de Rueda was both a dramatist and the manager of a strolling company of actors, gaining in the latter capacity, as Molière did, a wide experience of life and a knowledge of stage requirements. His audience was chiefly, if not entirely, of the lower sort; and it is interesting to find in him many of the characteristics of his great successors, such as a keen sense of humour and an easy naturalness of style. Some of his plays show that he was much under the influence of the Italian drama. Two of these have a special interest for us, inasmuch as their subjects are those of *Cymbeline* and *Twelfth Night*. His best works are his *pasos*, in which he is thoroughly Spanish. These are short scenes in prose, taken from common life, composed for the amusement of the populace, but not without considerable literary merits.

Rueda.

A later dramatist is Juan de la Cueva, who wrote plays on national subjects and deliberately ignored the unities. His chief claims to our attention are that he advocated reform in the drama with a view to giving it more life, and used various metres, hitherto not known on the stage. It is Cueva who

De la Cueva.

wisely says in one of his dedicatory epistles: "The *comedia* is the imitation of human life, a portrait of truth, telling us what to flee from and what to seek."

These early attempts were good in themselves, and paved the way towards a really national drama. Progress, however, was very slow, and the Spanish forerunners were rude and halting in their performance as compared with the great men of genius, who were Shakespear's predecessors. All the more wonderful, therefore, was the task achieved by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635), who found the drama a thing of chaotic and formless beginnings, and fashioned out of this mediocre material a rich and splendid edifice. For nearly fifty years Lope ruled the Spanish stage as its acknowledged chief. He it was who introduced an underplot, and made of the *gracioso* the important figure he became in the Spanish play. He also practically invented the "cloak and sword" comedies, a *genre* in which he excelled, and left behind him a rich and brilliant drama of such vitality, that even the fall of the Austrian dynasty did not wholly destroy it.

Lope de Vega.

It is a strange and interesting fact that this "prodigy of nature," as Cervantes calls him, was during the greater part of his long career quite unconscious of the pre-eminent importance of his dramatic work; and he slightingly alludes to his own plays, which he did not write with the intention of printing, as "the wild flowers of my garden." It was not till within a few years of his death that Lope laid claim to being the creator of the *comedia* in his *Ecloga a Claudio*, in which he writes: "The *comedias* owe to me the art of their beginning, although I deviated from the rigorous precepts of Terence, and do not deny a share in it to the three or four great wits who saw the infancy of the theatre."

Lope de Vega's marvellous fertility is what first strikes the imagination. There is no reason to doubt that at one time he was writing as many as two plays a week, and he seems to have produced from 1,500 to 1,800 of them as well as 400 *autos*; and yet, as Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly truly says, "With all his rapidity of workmanship his finest effects are deliberately and delicately calculated."

Lope, though unequal, is in his best moments superb; yet he has undoubtedly been much neglected. The very

immensity of his work helps to account for this, as also the mutilated form in which his plays have come down to us, and the difficulty of gaining access to them. Public opinion in Spain, however, has in the last years undergone a considerable change. Calderon, who was for many decades far better known and appreciated than Lope, is now comparatively speaking, under a cloud, while Lope, Tirso de Molina and Alarcon hold the field. Lope and Calderon differ much from one another, but the former is *par excellence* the creator, the great initiator. He it was who made the Spanish drama so truly national, so truly a reflection of the soul of the people, their religion, their loyalty, their aspirations and ideals, that, as has been said: "Thanks to the Spanish drama the society of the time could be re-constructed even if all else were lost."

Drama of England, France and Spain.

The study of the development of the dramatic literatures of England, France and Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and their comparison with one another, are of the deepest interest. All three owed their origin, as has been said, to religious influences, and for some time they ran on fairly parallel lines. But the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first of the seventeenth, saw under Shakespear and his contemporaries that glorious expansion of the English drama which all the world knows of, a drama that in spite of the Renaissance influence remained profoundly original. In France, while the Elizabethan drama arrived with rapid strides at ever greater breadth and freedom, the struggle between the chivalry and romance of the past on the one hand, and the classicism of the new learning on the other, ended in the complete triumph of the latter; and the French drama entrenched itself behind inflexible rules, which, while they helped to give logical clearness and form, circumscribed and stiffened.

Meanwhile in Spain also the Renaissance strove for mastery over mediaevalism and national tradition, and the learned were loud in upholding a close adherence to classical models. But Spain was then still great and full of national feeling; her genius set itself against all narrow limitations, and, true to itself, sought inspiration from the Middle Ages, from her history and tradition, and above all from her religion. Thus her drama remained in the fulness of its vigour from the

beginning of Lope's career as dramatist, about 1587, till the death of Calderon in 1681.

The Spanish drama then, like the English, is romantic and national in character; they have many points of resemblance which it is well to consider:

The English and Spanish dramas compared.

(1) They are, to begin with, alike in their freedom from hampering restrictions, in their vigour, life and movement.

(2) While mindful, like all true artists, of the law of the unity of action, their dramatists are indifferent to those of time and space. Lope de Vega in theory, it is true, accepted all the three unities, but, while apologising for his barbarity, ignored them in practice. Tirso de Molina boldly declares that time and space belong to the imagination, and that the *Comedia* is far nearer to reality than the classic drama. It is interesting to see the great advantage that the *Cid* of Guillen de Castro has in this respect over that of Corneille, and the absurdities that Guillen is by this freedom able to avoid.

(3) An underplot is introduced in both dramas; it serves to lighten the play and to relieve it of monotony, while in no wise impairing its essential unity of idea.

(4) The mixture of tragedy and comedy obtains in both dramas, and as in life they are often in the closest juxtaposition. The *gracioso* performs the part of chorus, making the action the clearer by his explanations and filling up gaps in the scenes. He is brilliant, witty and full of amusing foibles; and, as with Sancho Panza and Don Quixote, his cowardice, greed and prosaic attitude towards life throw into relief the chivalry and heroism of his master. He cannot, however, compare with the greatest of Shakespear's fools in their marvellous mixture of humour and pathos, folly and philosophy.

These are then striking points of union between the Elizabethan and the Spanish drama. There are also profound differences. The study of human nature in all its multiform varieties, man—his outer self, but far more the inner workings of his soul, its gradual struggle towards light or perchance its final overthrow—this is the very core of the Elizabethan tragedy, and in human character, not in the plot, lie chiefly its pathos and its humour. The Spanish dramatist frankly sought

Their points of difference.

above all else to please the *vulgo*, and indeed the *vulgo* when not pleased was formidable, as we have seen. If then there was debate between the poet, the merry-andrew and the manager, as in Goethe's prologue, it was the man of business who generally carried the day with his "Ich wünschte sehr der Menge zu behagen"—"Besonders aber lasst genug geschehen." and the like.

Mainly intent on giving the masses what he believed they most desired, the dramatist did not as a rule (but there were brilliant exceptions) seriously disturb himself about delicate analyses of character; but the interest was maintained with marvellous skill from end to end of the play, and an equal skill was shown in the choice of subjects, ever new and varied.

If one element of genius is that of a long patience, as has been said, the Spanish frequently fell short of it in their drama, for as a rule, they lacked the power of prolonged and serious effort in the face of obstacles. The Spanish drama was not, like the Shakespearian, universal. It was above all things Spanish, and gave us Spanish life at a time when it was best worth knowing. This it did with unsurpassed freedom and naturalness, and without any artificial emotionalism, but it did not produce many masterpieces which, like *Hamlet* or *King Lear*, by their breadth and universality are gifts to all nations and to every age.

It is essential to genius that it should possess a suitable vehicle for its expression. This in the English drama was found in blank verse; and the ten-syllabled line was felt from its first introduction to give the dignity demanded by poetry, as well as the freedom necessary to the form of literature nearest to actual life. The Spanish drama finds this freedom in the use of assonances (rhymes confined to vowels). Besides these a large variety of lyric measures are borrowed to suit the emotions of the moment. Full of exquisite charm and melody as these are, it is undeniable that their general effect is lyric rather than dramatic, and a certain dignity and weight are thereby lost.

III.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA (1600-1681).

LITTLE is known of Calderon's long life. The greater part of it seems to have been uneventful and singularly prosperous.

His Life.

He was born in Madrid, where he spent nearly all his life. His mother was of a Flemish stock, while his father was a member of the noble house of La Barca, a family, which like that of Lope de Vega, came from the mountains and valley of Carriedo, near Burgos. He received his early training from the great educators in the Roman Catholic Church, the Jesuits, for whom he always retained a sincere affection, and who developed in him a piety that was probably ingrained. His general culture was respectable, though not profound. It is certain that he studied at the University of Salamanca, and he frequently alludes to it in his plays. At the age of nineteen he was in Madrid, beginning his career as a playwriter, and Lope, ever liberal of praise to younger dramatists, speaks of his " earning laurels that time is wont to bestow on gray hairs only." For readers of the *Alcalde* it is specially noteworthy that, while producing plays, Calderon served for some years in the army, taking part, as already said, in the Catalonian campaign, and thus acquiring that thorough knowledge of the Spanish soldiery, which he later turned to good account.

As a man and a dramatist, he was born under a lucky star. In Lope de Vega, who died when Calderon was thirty-five, he had a predecessor who had found the drama still in its infancy, and had brought it to a full and splendid maturity, leaving it to the younger poet, whose genius did not lie in initiation, to carry to yet higher perfection. Again he had a warm friend in Philip IV., who, whatever his faults as a ruler, was, as a patron of literature, the most munificent of Spanish kings ; while in the people of Madrid he found a public whose strong taste for the drama had long been stimulated by Lope, and over whom Calderon maintained his hold till his death. He was happy also in the possession of an unfailing health of body and mind. He had a long, calm life full of honest work, and a serene temperament undisturbed by any of the

crushing blows that fall on most men. A strong Catholic, and with a mind characterised by a certain childish simplicity, he accepted without struggle the guidance of his church, experiencing nothing of those profound questionings and philosophic perplexities, to which *Hamlet* or *Faust* bears witness.

When over fifty Calderon joined the priesthood, and was later presented with a court chaplaincy. The church emoluments brought with them the ease and leisure specially attractive to men of letters, hence the fact that there were dramatists who, though of the clerical profession, were scandalously immoral. Not so was Calderon, whose priestly life was blameless, and whose genuine devotion to religion, but for the king's special mandate, would have drawn him altogether from the writing of secular plays.

Calderon was never married, and found himself without family ties in his latter years, which could not have been without their sadness. An ardent patriot, who in youth and middle age had seen his country still great and powerful, he lived to be a witness of her decline under Charles II., and survived most of those who had been her glory and her strength. In old age he played the part of a literary patriarch to the young men of the rising generation, and loved to gather them round him, and to discourse to them of past glories; his great reputation never waned, and even Lope de Vega was hardly mourned in death as he was.

Gentle, lovable and charitable, Calderon was a fine example of the Castilian gentleman; religion was the mainspring of his life, and his loyalty to Church and Crown was absolute. Spanish procrastination, coupled with the fact that the drama, even in Calderon's age, was not as highly considered as other branches of literature, probably accounts for the great dramatist's reaching almost the limit of his life without making a catalogue of his works. The list, though not complete, is very precious; in it he includes one hundred and eleven secular plays and seventy *autos*, but he seems to have written at least one hundred and twenty of the former and eighty of the latter, besides some twenty interludes and a few *jacaras*.[1] Shortly after Calderon's death appeared the important edition of his works by his friend, Vera Tassis, that on which all others are based.

Catalogue of his works.

[1] *Jacaras.* Short scenes of *picaresque* life.

Though not issued by himself, various volumes had, moreover, appeared during his life. To one of these he contributed a preface, in which he bitterly complains that his name had been affixed to many plays not really his, and also that not a few of the genuine ones had been published with serious mutilations and omissions.

The *Alcalde de Zalamea* is in most respects the finest of Calderon's plays, and that perhaps enjoying the greatest popularity among Spaniards of the present day. The nature of its subject gives it a unique position among them ; in order, therefore, that the reader may obtain a certain idea of his achievements as a whole, a brief sketch of other works must be given, preceded by some remarks on the chief characteristics of his genius.

General characteristics of Calderon's genius.

Calderon was essentially a courtier of the seventeenth century. His serious plays, therefore, treat almost exclusively of the life he knew best, that namely of princes and their courts, or, at any rate, as with the " cloak and sword comedies " of the society of the upper classes. His plays embrace a range of subjects wider than that of any other Spanish dramatist, and belong to all periods and countries. In these he takes no pains to avoid absurd anachronisms, even when well aware of them ; and just as Shakespear gives a sea-coast to Bohemia, Calderon places the Danube between Russia and Sweden. While, however, Shakespear is always psychologically truthful, making his Romans Romans—and his Danes—Danes, Calderon's *dramatis personae* are invariably men and women of Philip IV.'s period. His audience in fact made no demands upon him for historical or psychological accuracy, and with Calderon, as with Lope de Vega, to please his public was the all-important consideration.

Living human beings, presented with remarkable power and freshness, will be found in the *Alcalde*. They suffice to show that Calderon had the gift of character-portrayal that is rarely manifested in his other plays. Characterisation is not, however, his peculiar excellence. His personages lack profundity of treatment and, though they are by no means always the " leaden soldiers cast in one mould " to which Goethe has likened them, little individuality can be claimed for most of them. They are types, but real types, thoroughly alive and most vigorously sketched. The men are striking,

fascinating figures, noble Spaniards, valiant, courteous, generous and loyal, highly susceptible to love, easily roused to jealousy and super-sensitive in all questions of honour. The women are usually more of a piece, the creations of one who knew their sex far less thoroughly than either Lope de Vega or Tirso de Molina. They are mostly innocent and refined ; and meekly accept the heavy masculine yoke imposed on them by custom and tradition. In the comedies their chief weapon is that of intrigue, in which they are accomplished mistresses.

With the drama of Shakespear as our standard of excellence, it is natural that we English should make large demands with regard to the delineation of character ; but before Shakspear all must bow, and in Calderon we must not expect to find the universality and the philosophic thought that stamp the supreme greatness of our own dramatist. This once admitted, a careful study of Calderon will show, I think, that he need fear comparison with none other. He has not, it is true, Lope's inventive power, nor his spontaneity and freshness ; Tirso de Molina and Alarcon may be held superior to him in certain respects, but taking his work as a whole, and above all bearing in mind his surpassing merits as poet and artist, it must be acknowledged that Calderon is Spain's great representative dramatist. He was in all things thoroughly national, and his mission was to give us a brilliant and vivid representation of the world as he knew it—that, indeed, of seventeenth century Spain.

For such a task he had gifts which secure to him a permanent place among the world's men of genius. He had, to begin with, the delicate sense of unity and proportion of the consummate artist. In power of construction he is perhaps without a rival, and he has an unfailing skill in arresting and sustaining the attention of his audience. His plays are a great organic whole, and he is a complete master of all his materials ; part fits into part with perfect symmetry, as planned and conceived by one who " held all threads in his hand, and from the first wove them in the loom of his thought." His tact and judgment were faultless, so also was his knowledge of stage effect, in which indeed Goethe considers him unrivalled. In technique he is the greatest of Spanish dramatists, and his diction and versification are of extreme beauty. He had a wonderful command of the noble Castilian language, and his

style is of dazzling richness and brilliance, though it must be admitted that he never wholly shakes himself free from Gongorism,[1] the prevailing fault of the age.

Calderon has, as may be gathered, a great power of organisation. He is not without self-consciousness; his effects are carefully calculated, and he stands, indeed, as Goethe says, "on the threshold of over-culture." He combines, however, with the artist's love of polished perfection, a poet's exuberance of imagination and an Oriental warmth and genuineness of emotion. He lifts us into a region of high romance, his serious plays are full of splendid and powerful situations, and his stately princes and great ladies are set off by a lovely background of bright gardens, woods and mountains. His lyrical gift is of the first order, and his plays, and above all his *autos*, abound in lyrical passages of a beauty without parallel in the Spanish drama. Fitzgerald calls Isabel's famous lament in the third act of the *Alcalde* "a speech worthy of the Greek Antigone," while his sonnets are among the best that Spain can show.

Calderon has been at times extravagantly praised, but at others violently attacked, nor is he without his deficiencies and blemishes. He lacks the broad humanity of Cervantes and Lope, he lacks a sense of humour. He is at times over-fond of spectacular effect, and indulges in conceits which appeal to the intellect rather than to the heart, but it is at his greatest that a man should be judged, and his work both in volume and in quality secure to him a place among the immortals.

Why he is so little known in England is a question that may well be asked, and to this there are several answers. He was of his own age and country in his moral and religious

[1] The Euphuism of England, the Marinism of Italy, the Preciosity of France, and the Gongorism of Spain are closely connected, and in many respects similar. They originated from a general craving for a greater refinement and distinction in style, and their influence was not wholly evil. The craving, however, led to absurd exaggerations, and a highly artificial mode of speech became the fashion in the aristocratic society of these countries. Gongorism derived its name from Gongora, a man of genius, who influenced by Marin sm, started about 1610 the so-called Gongorism of Spain, whicl consisted in far-fetched conceits, obscure metaphors and violent inversions. Many writers, like Calderon, mocked at it, while falling into it themselves, and it ultimately had a most pernicious effect upon the language, which Gongora had aimed at beautifying and extending.

views, and thoroughly southern in temperament; rightly to appreciate him, therefore, a certain knowledge of his age, and a certain sympathy with the Latin race are necessary. Again, he does not seem to have been widely known in England till after the Restoration; and the last half of the seventeenth, as well as most of the eighteenth century, were periods essentially prosaic. Himself a poet, he appeals more especially to lovers of poetry; Shelley was the first Englishman to give him enthusiastic praise. Lastly, the extreme difficulty of translating Calderon's dramas into English must always prevent his being duly appreciated by those who cannot read the originals.

Calderon's dramas may be divided into:

His dramas.

I. Religious tragedies.[1]
II. Secular tragedies.
III. Comedies.

(i) Two only of the first class can be mentioned:

Religious tragedies.

(1) *El príncipe constante* is, as most people feel, the finest example of the religious plays. It is based on history, and its chief character, Don Fernando of Portugal, is a type of saintly heroism. Saints are, for obvious reasons, extremely difficult to deal with dramatically. With the utmost artistic skill, however, Calderon has succeeded in humanising his prince, and in bringing him by suffering near to us. Among the many lyrical beauties of the *Príncipe* is to be found the noble sonnet, perhaps the finest in the language:

"Estas que fueron pompa y alegría,"

(2) *El magico prodigioso*, in which free will, aided by grace, triumphs over the temptations of the devil. The play is full of beauties, but is far more unequal than the *Príncipe;* Shelley's lovely translation of a portion of it gives it additional interest to English readers. It bears a certain resemblance to Goethe's *Faust*, though it is far below it in profundity of thought. S. Cyprian, its hero, is like Faust, a philosopher, seeking after truth; he is led away by his passion for a young girl to sign a compact with the devil. The temptation-scene,

[1] It is important to understand that the Spanish *comedia*, like the English drama, included both tragedy and comedy. Spanish tragedies, or tragi-comedies, if we will call them so, are never without the comic element.

in which Justina, the beloved of Cyprian, resists the evil one, is in the first rank of lyric poetry.

(ii) Of the second class, and leaving our own play for later consideration, are :—

Secular tragedies.

(1) [1]*La vida es sueño,* which as regards vigour and beauty of conception may be considered Calderon's masterpiece, and that which has the greatest universality of interest. It is a philosophical drama, and though marred by many Gongorisms it is full of high poetry and noble thought.

The chief character is a young prince of a savage and untamed disposition, who is absorbed in the gratification of his selfish desires. He is taught by a strange experience that life is a dream, and is thus led to despise that which is fleeting and to cling to that which is eternal. The interest centres round two themes, human free-will, which finally overcomes the adverse decrees of fate ; life's fleetingness, which imposes upon man the duty of playing his part in it the more nobly.

(2) *Amar después de la muerte,* a deeply impressive and beautiful historical tragedy. Two things give it an exceptional interest ; it treats of love of the purest and most exalted kind, untroubled by the jealousy that in nearly all Spanish plays forms an integral part of it ; it represents the Moors in their last tragic struggle for liberty, and this with a generous spirit of appreciation and forbearance, unique in Spanish literature where traditional enemies are concerned.

(3) *El médico de su honra.* Of the many Spanish plays which turn on the *pundonor,* none is more powerful than this. In plot and in some of its situations it resembles *Othello,* but there are important differences. The wife is a Desdemona in her innocence and gentleness ; but the husband is in character immeasurably inferior to *Othello.* With cold deliberateness he murders his wife, not because convinced of her guilt, but merely because he considers that his honour requires this sacrifice. Having done this, he is content to survive her and to marry another !

The *pundonor* is, in fact, the love of honour carried to the limits of extravagance and exalted into a religion. The wife, daughter or sister, found in a compromising situation, must die to save the family good name, quite irrespectively,

[1] Strictly speaking not a *tragedy,* but its deep seriousness of intention gives it the effect of one.

in Calderon's plays, at any rate, of her innocence or of any extenuating circumstances. This stern code, handed down by age-long tradition, passed unchallenged with the gentle and humane Calderon, but shocks and revolts a more advanced civilisation.

Calderon's ethical code has in this respect been frequently condemned ; but it seems pretty certain that here as elsewhere he faithfully reflects contemporary Spanish opinion. He himself can have been little in sympathy with harshness of this kind. It is noticeable in the *Alcalde* that Isabel, after telling her sad story, fully expects death from her father's hand, but Crespo gently comforts her, saying that the unconquered will preserves from all dishonour. In *El pintor de su deshonra*, a play of Calderon's, similar in plot to *El médico de su honra*, there is a well-known passage of revolt against the cruelty imposed by the law of honour, beginning :

> Mal haya el primero, amen,
> Que hizo ley tan rigurosa !
>
> (Act III., Sc. xiii., l.20).

and other complaints against it are to be found in Calderon as in Lope de Vega.

Public opinion in Spain on ethical questions.

That domestic murder of the sort committed by Don Gutierre of *El médico* was long tolerated in Spain is a well-known fact. The laws of the Romans, a race that ruled for some five centuries in Spain, gave the head of the family power of life and death over wife and child ; so, too, did those of the Goths, and these laws were re-enacted in the thirteenth century. Opinions differ as to how far they were in force in Calderon's time. While one writer of eminence maintains that " Poetry was permitted to preserve their fearful principles long after their enactments had ceased to be acknowledged anywhere else," the late Mr. Norman McColl quotes contemporary evidence to prove that women were on certain occasions condemned to death in the courts for breach of the marriage law, as also to show that husband or father was allowed to act as judge and executioner within his own family. Certainly homicide under such circumstances was lightly regarded, and even now in the south of Italy, as in Spain, the authorities are loth to inflict the death penalty on injured husbands who have put their wives to death.

(III.) Calderon's "cloak and sword" comedies form the third branch of his dramas. These plays, which are peculiarly Spanish, are so-called because they deal exclusively with the higher classes, the cloak and sword being worn by the *caballero*. They are all comedies of manners, and *celos* is their chief, one may say their only theme. A *caballero* and a *señorita* are the central figures—he the typical well-born Spaniard, an ardent but extravagantly jealous lover, brave but quarrelsome and with much of the frivolity of a decadent age—she lovely and attractive, quick-witted and, considering all that a compromising situation involves, extremely adventurous. These figures are as much part of this Spanish comedy of contemporary life as the noble married lady and the troubadour of the Provençal lyric. In the Calderonian comedy the heroine is invariably a damsel, and both she and her lover have an honourable marriage in view. There is usually another couple of secondary importance, and there are servants, male and female, whose intrigues are a parody of those whom they serve. Lastly, there are the fathers or guardians of the *señoritas*, but all mothers for the sake of convenience are curiously non-existent in these plays. The male relatives show as a rule a spirit of kindness and courtesy, but as in the tragedies, are violent and implacable when once their suspicions are roused. Usually they are successfully hoodwinked, and where this is not the case, marriage with the supposed offender of the family honour is chosen as an alternative course to death. The characters, though they lack variety, are for the most part far more human than those of the tragedies, and give vent to their love, their despair, their rapture or their jealousy in a thoroughly natural fashion. The situations are all more or less the same; there is always a secret love-affair with its disguises and midnight interviews, furthered by balconies, private doors and back staircases. The endless misunderstandings, which occur in all these plays, reach, though only at the extreme end of them, a happy solution.

"Cloak and sword" comedies.

The inflammatory hero takes his love seriously, and the comic element is mainly supplied by his servant, who acts as *gracioso*.

The plot in the "cloak and sword" comedies is monotonous, and this may be explained perhaps by the comparative

uneventfulness of the social life of the period. Within narrow limits, however, Calderon invariably contrives to make of them stirring dramas, full of grace and charm. Bent on holding his audience, he shows the utmost ingenuity in varying what in itself is monotonous. Life, movement and freshness, are to be found on every page, and if there is no humour of a high order, there is a gaiety that is inexhaustible, and yet free from all grossness. The "cloak and sword" comedies reveal the character of the age as the poet saw it, in its gallantry, its recklessness of human life, its passionateness and its incipient decadence.

La dama duende.

An example better than further description may serve for illustration. *La dama duende* (the fairy lady) is one of the most brilliant and charming comedies ever written, full of *entrain*, grace and mirth. So excellent is its construction that one follows the development of its plot breathlessly from end to end. The scene of action, as always in plays of this class, lies in Madrid, where its ladies and their gallants keep us very much awake, and convince us of their reality.

Angela, the fairy lady, unlike most of Calderon's women, is full of individuality, brimming over with high spirits and recklessly audacious. A beautiful young widow, she is kept in the strictest seclusion by her two brothers. The imprisonment is little to her liking, and she and her maid, in the disguise that is *de rigueur*, break bounds and indulge in a little harmless frolic. Encountering her elder brother, she tries to elude him ; he follows her, curious to identify a lady who so obviously avoids him. Breathless with fear, as she flies along the streets, she addresses herself to Don Manuel, a stranger, who with his valet has just arrived in Madrid. "O, Sir," says she, "if you are valiant and honourable, as I think you to be, save me from being overtaken by yonder gentleman—Honour and life are at stake." "Is she a woman or a whirlwind ?" ejaculates Don Manuel, bewildered. Honour bids him defend a distressed lady, and his quick-witted servant, Cosme, has an expedient. They separate and Cosme attempts to hold up Don Luis, the brother, "Will your mercy help a poor ignorant fellow who can't read, and tell me where to take this letter ?" Don Luis tries to shake him off, but in vain, and he is preparing to break his head when up comes Manuel, who sees the lady still dangerously near, and recognises that

it is time that force should take the place of cunning. He challenges Don Luis for insulting his body-servant, and the ever-ready swords soon begin to clash. The duel is ere long interrupted by the appearance of Juan, the younger brother; he discovers in Manuel a friend who has laid him under deep obligations, and has come to the capital to visit him. Juan speedily effects a reconciliation, concluded with all the high-sounding compliments still in vogue among Spaniards; and Don Manuel enters the brother's house as an honoured guest.

Now though Manuel is thus under the same roof as Angela, it must not be supposed that any intercourse between them would be tolerated.[1] Don Manuel is not even allowed to know of the sister's existence; but Angela becomes aware that a guest has been received into the house, and she shrewdly suspects him to be the stranger who fought in her defence. Gratitude, curiosity and irrepressible spirits prompt her to pay a secret visit to his suite of rooms during his own and his servant's absence. This she finds possible by means of a secret, revolving door, which connects her own apartments with the stranger's. The valet returns, after a short absence, to find clothes that he had left half-unpacked in indescribable confusion, while the master discovers a mysterious note, giving him thanks and warning him to keep silence on the matter. They double-lock the doors, yet each time that they go out strange visitants leave behind them signs, gracious or otherwise, of their having entered the rooms, till even Manuel's disbelief in magic is staggered, and Cosme is well nigh crazy with fear. "What," he cries, "say you there are no fairies?" "I have never seen any," answers Manuel—"Familiar spirits, then?"—"Fancies."—"Witches?"—"Still less."—"Enchantresses?"—"What ignorance!"—"Sorcerers, magicians?" "Pooh!"—"Ah, now I have you, devils at least there are!" "Without great power." "Spirits in Purgatory?" "Who fall in love with me? Can folly ever be greater!"

Various good scenes follow. On one occasion master and man surprise Isabel, the maid, in their rooms, and it is only by knocking the light out of Cosme's hand and escaping in

[1] It will be seen in the *Alcalde* that when Crespo opens his doors to the Captain, he at once removes his daughter to a private apartment, and the higher a woman's rank the more jealously was she guarded.

the darkness that she eludes them to their extreme perplexity. "God help us!" says the master. "Now then at least you'll believe in hobgoblins," says the man. Another day they return unexpectedly to find Angela herself at Don Manuel's writing desk, and a charming description of her fairy-like beauty flows from his lips, as he gazes at her, half in fear, and she also manages to effect her escape. Later the ingenious Angela succeeds in bringing Manuel into her own apartments without revealing to him either who she is, or how he got there. A merry feast follows in which another lady, with whom both brothers are in love, acts as third party. The banquet is interrupted by Don Luis; a climax is reached when he at last learns of the secret door and all its consequences, while Manuel discovers that the lady, who has so long mystified him, is the sister of his hosts. The honour of the house of course involves the two men once more in a desperate duel; this is terminated finally by Don Luis, who admiring his opponent's valour and chivalry, lays down his sword and suggests a marriage by way of solution. The wedding of Manuel and Angela is followed by that of Cosme and Isabel, and so the play draws to a close.

The Autos Sacramentales.

Calderon wrote, as already said, some eighty *Autos*, and these constitute a most important part of his work as a whole.

The word "Auto" or "Act," a name originally given to almost any kind of dramatic composition, was later restricted to religious dramas, performed in celebration of the festival of Corpus Christi, which was instituted in the thirteenth century. These plays centred round the mystery of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and were acted in the chief squares of the towns of Spain, as well as in the smallest villages. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they attained their highest popularity, and were composed by the greatest men of genius. By the middle of the eighteenth century Spain, under the Bourbons, was in a state of spiritual and mental stagnation, and in 1765 the public performance of *Autos* was prohibited; it ceased, therefore, altogether in Madrid, though it lingered for long elsewhere.

In the capital, and more especially during Calderon's lifetime, they were performed with the utmost splendour. In the morning there was a stately procession; two giants and

a dragon led the way, then came the gorgeously decorated coaches of the King and his Court, followed by the *Carro* containing the Eucharistic Elements, with a great band of minstrels and singers. The afternoon was given up to acting. First was recited or sung the *Loa*, then came the *Entremés*, which, like the old English interlude, was of a merry nature, then the *Auto* itself, while music and dancing brought the performance to a close.

Their performance in Madrid.

If we would seek to enter into the heart of Spain, it is Calderon, perhaps more than any other dramatist, whom we shall study with the greatest profit, and if again there is one branch of literature in which we see her in her highest and most characteristic mood, it is in the *Autos sacramentales*.

Calderon's supremacy in these is acknowledged by all. In his *Autos* is to be found the religious spirit of Spain in its purest and loveliest form, with all that is splendid and picturesque, all that appeals to ear and eye. There are some, indeed, who hold that in them he reaches his highest level. Be that as it may, he had a peculiar love for them, for thirty years producing at least two annually, and bending his whole soul to a task that he regarded as alone worthy of one who was priest as well as dramatist.

Calderon's supremacy in this branch.

His subjects offer a very great diversity. The central theme, the Real Presence, was treated indirectly, whether in the form of allegory, scenes from the Old Testament symbolising the New, such as the lifting up of the Brazen Serpent, or in parables. Subjects from history are treated, or even contemporary life, as when he represents the *Buen Retiro* as a type of the heavenly Jerusalem. He makes a beautiful use of Greek mythology, bringing out the deep, spiritual meaning of such myths as Orpheus and Eurydice, Perseus rescuing Andromeda, or Ulysses defying Circe. There is much of the old morality play in the *Auto*, the poet being diverted from the drama proper and giving us, instead of human beings, symbolical figures or virtues and vices. What can compensate for such a loss, it may be asked ? Nothing indeed but the genius of Calderon with all its great resources. His exquisite poetic gift, his masterly power of composition and his lofty purity of tone make even the reading of these *Autos* deeply impressive. How much more so must they have been

when acted to a devout and sympathetic audience with the music, the song, and all the elaborate scenery that royal patronage placed at the poet's disposal!

Calderon's gifts were specially adapted to this style of composition, for he had a greater power of creating types than individuals, and a greater inclination towards the lyrical than the purely dramatic. He shows a marvellous skill in overcoming apparently insurmountable difficulties, and gives a dramatic interest to subjects that seem devoid of it. His *Autos* have in them an *élément éternel* that is lacking in many of the plays, because they treat of things that are of the very essence of life itself. He gives warmth and reality to pale abstractions; and his allegorical figures interest us, because we see in them human nature in all its infinite variety struggling, falling, or rising by the power of divine grace to the mansions of the blest. Calderon's *Autos* have been called "hymns of loftiest praise to redeeming love," while Shelley writes of them rapturously in the enthusiasm of youth, saying; "I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the starry *Autos*."

EL ALCALDE DE ZALAMEA.

El Alcalde de Zalamea has all the qualities that together make a fine drama—a masterly construction, a sturdy realism combined with a noble idealism, a tragic intensity, relieved by much fine wit and humour; it has, moreover, excellently conceived characters of marked individuality, presented with a skill which reveals itself in the subordinate as in the principal personages. From the strong opening scene to the very beautiful final one there are complete sureness of touch and unflagging energy. The play has also that higher unity of thought and action essential to the really great drama, and there are very subtle and artistic effects of contrast and of light and shade. The idyllic peace of the garden scene and the atmosphere of poetry surrounding the home life of the father and his two children deepen the tragedy of all that comes to pass. Isabel's lament, to which reference has already been made, is one of the famous passages of Spanish literature, nor can there easily be found a scene greater in power and pathos than that between Crespo and the Captain in Act III., Scene VIII.

Its chief characteristics.

Calderon based his play on an earlier one of the same name, written by Lope de Vega. The German critic, Krenkel,

considers that Lope derived his plot from the story of the Italian novelist, Masuccio, who places the scene of action in the east of Spain. This seems probable, in which case Lope, adapting himself as usual to the taste of his audience, transferred it to the west and to the period of the Portuguese conquest, being thus enabled to pay tribute to the much revered Philip II. The little town of Zalamea in Estremadura was quite possibly known to him; he himself, like Cervantes, was one of the famous Tercio de Flandes, and took part in the Portuguese war.

Its sources.

Calderon speaks of his own *Alcalde* as a "verdadera historia," but this expression need not be taken *au pied de la lettre*. If, indeed, a captain named Alvaro de Ataide came to Zalamea, and there behaved as the play relates, it could not have been in August, 1580, as the play would have us suppose, but during the army's return march in 1581. It is almost certain that Philip never entered Zalamea; he and Don Lope de Figueroa certainly never met there, though they might have done so in Badajoz.

We have no definite mention of the date of Calderon's play. The revolt of Portugal in Philip IV.'s reign and the war which followed in consequence, took place between 1644 and 1650. Its loss was to Philip a blow of deadly bitterness; it is, therefore, almost certain that an accomplished courtier like Calderon would only write a play connected with Portugal *before* this event, probably between 1642 and the middle of 1644. It was about 1642 that Calderon probably returned from the war in Catalonia, where he must have been an eye-witness of brutal acts of violence on the part of the Castilian soldiery. The *Alcalde* was printed, and this probably for the first time, at Alcala in 1651, under the title of *El garrote más bien dado*.

A comparison of Lope de Vega's *Alcalde* with Calderon's is much to the advantage of the younger poet. Lope's play is little more than a sketch, hurriedly dashed off, Calderon's a carefully worked-up, highly-elaborated production. Lope, however, did the younger poet the all-important service of providing him with a subject wholly different from any other he had hitherto chosen, and of which he was quick to perceive the great dramatic possibilities.

The courtly Calderon shows elsewhere small inclination towards rustic surroundings; in no other important play

but this does he give so sorry a part to the nobly born, while placing a peasant in the centre of his story. He expressed, so far as we are aware, no special predilection for the play, nor seemed to realise its surpassing merits. Lope, on the other hand, had a genuine love for the country, and has frequently given us rural scenes full of charming freshness and truth, nowhere more so than in one of his greatest plays—*El mejor Alcalde el Rey*, which has several points in common with our own.

Lope did more than turn Calderon's thoughts from town to country life. Crespo, the hero, is undoubtedly a man after Lope's own heart. Peasants of the like rugged simplicity and sturdy independence figure in several of his dramas. He, therefore, it was who created the important character, which Calderon further developed and transformed.

Moreover, besides obtaining from Lope's *Alcalde* his plot, and suggestions as to his chief character, Calderon in this masterpiece was evidently also under the general influence of other works of Lope's of a much finer order. He came, we may suppose, fresh from the reading of them with intellect and imagination quickened, so that we have in this play much of the spirit of Lope combined with what is best in the genius of his successor. Thus we see in it realism and romance, so subtly blended as to make it unique among Calderon's productions, while the two chief characters, Crespo and his daughter, in their noble strength and devotion to honour are the equals of the most ideal of his princely personages ; and the repose and patriarchal simplicity of their home form a refreshing contrast to the artificiality of the court. The broad-minded sympathy with a life other than his own and the freedom from class prejudice that the play reveals on the part of its writer (and here again Lope's influence is perceptible) induce one to wish that he had made further excursions into the same field.

For the better realisation of the merits of Calderon's achievement, it is helpful to compare it with Lope de Vega's sketch.

The character of Lope's Pedro Crespo is hastily dealt with, and is prosaic and insignificant as compared with the Crespo of Calderon. At the opening of the play his servant brings to him the announcement that he has been made Mayor of Zalamea. His public life absorbs his attention, and it is the conflict between his official and domestic duties that is mainly responsible for the catastrophe. His family consists

of two motherless daughters, silly, frivolous young creatures, whose heads are easily turned by the fine compliments of two captains, whom Crespo, warned by his servant, orders out of his house. During the night that follows the two girls attempt an elopement; their plans are discovered, they are brought home, and the sergeant, who was furthering their flight, is taken prisoner.

Lope's play in outline.

In the second act, Don Lope de Figueroa reaches Zalamea and is enraged to find that the sergeant has received two hundred lashes by order of the mayor. Soon after this event comes the news that the daughters, tempted by promises of speedy marriage, have fled from their father's house to the mountains, there to join the two captains. They are soon brutally undeceived and roughly shaken off by their seducers, who scorn the idea of marriage with peasant girls. Wandering about in helpless misery the two unhappy girls find their father, who had gone in pursuit of them, bound to a tree; fearing to receive from him the punishment of death, they leave him unreleased.

In the third act, twelve days have passed, and the captains with their regiments are quartered outside the town, scattering terror in the countryside by the insults that they are offering to the women of the neighbourhood. Meanwhile the daughters have returned to their father, and have told him of the captain's promises of marriage. The father solemnly vows that these shall be carried out. In his capacity of mayor he imprisons the two men; and finally, after a stout resistance on their part, forces them to give their hands in marriage to his daughters, after which he promptly orders them to be hanged in punishment of their misdeeds. Soon King Philip arrives himself on the scene, and, on commanding that the captains should be brought before him, is shown their dead bodies on the gibbet. He asks why they were not, as officers, beheaded, upon which the answer is given him that in Zalamea beheading is but ill understood. The king, by making Crespo mayor for the residue of his life, acknowledges that justice has been done, and the play concludes with the retirement of Crespo's daughters to a convent.

Now it will be seen that, though Calderon followed in certain particulars the outline of Lope's play, the plot as a whole has been altered to suit a higher artistic purpose.

Instead of two daughters, commonplace by nature, who by their rash folly bring about their own ruin, there is only one, and her beautiful character raises the tragedy to a far higher level, as do also the fortitude of her agonised father, and the manly courage with which he parries the blow. Without are the soldiers with their rough gaiety, their loose morals, their contempt for the pastoral people, on whom they trample; within is the quiet, beautiful family life, sanctified by love and honest toil. The weighty personality of Don Lope, the veteran general, sheds a still brighter light upon this the centre of the picture, by the tribute of respect that he readily pays to Crespo, a tribute given later on with the same promptitude by the king himself. The admirable opening scene is Calderon's own. He it is, also, who contrives that the new dignity of mayor should be conferred on Crespo at the moment best suited for the purposes of his story; and there is none of the struggle, that exists in Lope's play, between his public and domestic duties. This is a matter of the first importance, for the drama's unity of action is thus preserved, and Lope's fatal mistake of making "the tragic mischief a secondary instead of a primary element" is avoided. It is to be observed that many of the passages which are wholly Calderon's are among the best in the play. Such, for instance, are Crespo's farewell words of advice to his son, which have in them much of the true Shakspearian ring, as also has his appeal to the captain in the famous prison scene.

Lope's play compared with Calderon's.

As already intimated the delineation of character in the *Alcalde* is throughout admirable and should be carefully studied.

Characterisation.

King Philip II., as a historical character, has been dealt with elsewhere.[1] Here he appears as a wise and magnanimous sovereign, much indeed as his people considered him to be. He is quick to take in the rights of the case presented to him for judgment, is free from all narrowness, and has a power of discriminating between the trivial and the essential. Under his rule we see the little town of Zalamea enjoying local self-government, and looking to him with confidence for protection against tyrannous oppression.

King Philip.

Don Lope de Figueroa was a notable figure in the wars

[1] See pages ix and x.

carried on during the reign of Philip II., and his character, as given in our play, is in all probability a historical portrait.

Don Lope de Figueroa.

It has similar traits in Lope's *Alcalde*, but is here a far more finished study. He was one of the most popular soldiers of his day. He served with distinction under the Duke of Alba in the war in Flanders, and under Don John of Austria in the Moorish rebellion of 1568. He played a brilliant part in the flag-ship of Don John at the battle of Lepanto, and was ordered to bring the news of the victory to King Philip, who loaded him with honours. At the outbreak of the Portuguese war he seems to have been fighting elsewhere, and in any case it is practically certain that he had not, as Calderon would have us suppose, joined the king's army as early as August, 1580.[1]

Don Lope's character is finely drawn by Calderon, and is full of strength and humour. He has the soldier's love of discipline, and a soldier's keen sense of the dignity and privileges of the military caste. He is for the rest a kindly and courteous Spanish gentleman, has a sympathetic insight into the merits of those who are so much below him socially, and seems to like Crespo all the better for having had a preliminary rub with him. His foibles of quick temper and obstinacy, and the gout of which we hear so much, serve to make him the more human and life-like.

Figueroa is a highly popular personage in the Spanish drama. In *Amar después de la muerte* he has the same strongly-marked characteristics that we find in our play, as the following passage will show (Act II., sc. 1) :—

MENDOZA.

Aqueste que ahora llega,
El tercio viejo de Flandes es.

DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA.

¿ Quién viene con él ?

MENDOZA.

Un monstruo
Del valor y la nobleza,
Don Lope de Figueroa.

[1] One half only of the *tercio* is known to have been sent to Portugal, and this not till 1581. Don Lope followed somewhat later.

DON JUAN.

Notables cosas me cuentan
De su gran resolución,
Y de su poca paciencia.

MENDOZA.

Impedido de la gota
Impacientemente lleva
El no poder acudir
Al servicio de la guerra.

DON JUAN.

Yo deseo conocerle.

DON LOPE.

Voto a Dios que no me lleva
En aqueso de ventaja
Un átomo vuestra Alteza,
Porque hasta verme a sus piés
Sólo he sufrido a mis piernas.

(Scene II.)

DON JUAN.

. . . . ¿ Traéis buena gente ?

DON LOPE.

Y tan buena,
Que si fuera el Alpujarra
El infierno y estuviera
Mahoma por alcaide suyo,
Entraran Señor en ella . . .
Si no es los que tienen gota,
Que no trepan por las peñas.

Don Alvaro de Ataide, the captain, is the type of the licentious swashbuckler, heartless, selfish and cruel. He cynically misuses the hospitality given him, and has the scorn of an over-bearing aristocrat for a peasant proprietor. As Mr. McColl has remarked : " There is marvellous subtlety in the way in which Calderon suggests that the captain is, in spite of his pride of birth, an essentially mean wretch."

The Captain and his soldiers.

As for his soldiers, they were evidently drawn from the life, and the first scene, in which they chiefly figure, is a fine piece of realism. Schiller expresses himself in terms of great admiration for Calderon, and it would be interesting to know

whether in *Wallenstein's Lager* he was directly influenced by the *Alcalde* in his presentation of camp life. The soldiers of Calderon's age had become a terror to all civilians, and much resembled the brutal hordes of the Thirty Years War. They were badly paid, not amenable to civil law, and ill-disciplined by the military tribunals.

There is in this play the powerful *chiaroscuro* of a Correggio picture, and all dark shadows find in the clear light of the *Alcalde's* honest face their true relief. This fine power of contrast in Calderon's portrayal of Pedro Crespo at once makes itself felt. After sinister hints of foul plots against his peace, and after the contemptible shams of the wretched *hidalgo*, Pedro enters, and brings with him a wholesome sense of the sweet sights and sounds of country life, dwelling as he does with loving pride on the rich plenty of his fields and barns.

Pedro Crespo.

Crespo indeed deserves careful study ; he is unquestionably among the most striking characters in Spanish literature, the ideal yeoman, in whom many fine qualities combine to make a noble and very lovable whole. Of these, consider first that manly simplicity of his. He is at once so unpretending yet so proud. How he rejoices in his " limpio linaje," yet how quietly he alludes to his peasant birth and scorns to buy nobility !—" Yo no quiero honor postizo " . . . " Honra no la compra nadie." How magnificent is that assertion of his " El honor es patrimonio del alma, y el alma sólo es de Dios ; " and contrast this high sense of personal dignity with the arrogance of Don Alvaro and the false shame of Don Mendo. In his intercourse with Don Lope there is again the same quality of pride, and this time in most humorous conflict with the great commander's ; while mixed with it are thoroughly human faults—pugnacity, obstinacy and testiness, which, however, only make him the more lovable.

Crespo has the true Spanish loyalty to his king, readily placing his house and all that he has at the service of royalty, and greeting the captain, who is already meditating a base abuse of his hospitality, in a tone of fine courtesy.

To his farewell advice to his son allusion has already been made ; it is full of the yeoman's strong common-sense and of a father's anxious affection. The Shakespearian " To thine own self be true " is an injunction, indeed, more in the spirit of Crespo than of Polonius.

As a father he is all that is wise and affectionate. It is interesting to notice how the half-tender, half-humorous love for his son, that he shows in the earlier part of the play, assumes, as the plot thickens, a tone of tragic profundity towards his daughter. After Isabel's long rehearsal of her wrongs, a speech which, though so fine, lacks simplicity, all the more impressive are those few solemn words of Crespo's :

Alzate, Isabel, del suelo ;
Que a no haber estos sucesos
Que atormenten y que aflijan,
Ociosas fueran las penas,
Sin estimación las dichas.
Para los hombres se hicieron,
Y es menester que se impriman
Con valor dentro del pecho.

He does, in truth, thus write them on the tablets of his heart, and grows in wisdom and in self-control. Brooding over vengeance he is met with the news of his election. His first thought is of duty, and he nobly murmurs to himself :

¿ Cómo podré delinquir
Yo, si en esta hora misma
Me ponen a mí por juez,
Para que otros no delincan ?

Crespo's appeal to his enemy is in a tone of restrained anguish, that of one still quivering under the first shock of a cruel blow. Paternal love bids him check the expression of his deep resentment, and he humbles himself to the dust before the man whom he would fain curse to his beard. When, however, he sees the futility of every effort, with admirable vigour he promptly sets to work to cause justice to be done on the insolent offender. In the strong line :

¿ Que mueran ? Pues ¡ qué ! ¿ No hay más ?

he defies, later on, the veteran general, and looks death in the face. In the closing scene he goes at once to the root of things, and brings the struggle between right and might to a victorious end.

The women.

The women of the *Alcalde* have no great individuality. Inés acts as a foil to Isabel and is slightly drawn ; she is a light, ordinary young girl, akin to those of Lope's tragedy. Isabel is noble of nature, high-minded, dignified and heroic. To her father she is gentle and loving, and with as strong a sense

of duty as his own. Nevertheless, she would be far more appealing if more natural. The famous lament and the recital of her wrongs are as lyrics very fine, but savour too much of the court. They are those of a tragedy-princess, rather than of a simple peasant girl, distracted with grief.

Isabel is a beautiful example of the national type at its best. The stately reticence and proud self-restraint of the Spanish women, past and present, are generally recognised by all those who know their country. Sweetness, combined with great vigour and strength, are the qualities most prominent in the heroines of Spanish literature. Señora Pardo Bazán declares that the Spanish woman is not easily carried away by her emotions, but that when once she gives her heart she shows the ardour and intensity of an impassioned nature. "Pray, how long does the Spanish girl keep the same *prétendant* at her balcony?" This was a question asked in my presence of a Spanish gentleman. "Señora, love is with us a serious matter," was the answer, "and disappointment in the affections too often brings young girls to the convent." The writer can bear witness to the fact that on her last visit, some years ago, to Spain, Isabel's tone of reserve and decorum still characterised the women. The national dances, exquisite in grace, are very dignified; the national dress of women is of a simplicity free from all vulgar display, and black among them has for centuries been the prevailing colour.

Don Mendo and his servant, the latter a *gracioso* of unusual wit, supply much of the gaiety of the play. The master is an example of the provincial squire of Philip IV.'s reign. He is poor in purse, but rich in pride, cowardly, lazy, and altogether ridiculous, a masterly sketch and interesting as revealing the influence of Don Quixote. Pride of birth and contempt for commerce and manual work have been the two chief curses of Spain. After the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos, the tax-gatherer and the Court of Inquisition fell heavily on all who were accused of having alien blood in their veins. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, therefore, the law courts were crowded with those who were attempting to establish their Gothic descent. For the rich man it was an easy matter to procure witnesses, ready to swear to his "sangre limpia." This once established he could obtain his patent of nobility,

The Hidalgo.

the *ejecutoria*, a parchment document, decorated with his coat-of-arms, and furnishing the necessary proofs of the purity of his descent.[1]

The country squire lived on a small plot of ground, and generally led a wretched life of poverty and idleness. Cervantes was of this class, but left his home betimes to seek his fortune. In the *Viaje del Parnaso*, Canto I., he says :

> " Adios hambre sotil de algun hidalgo,
> Que por no verme ante tus puertas muerto,
> Hoy de mi patria y de mi mismo salgo."

INFLUENCE OF THE SPANISH DRAMA.

THE above remarks on the *Alcalde* will serve, I hope, for the general guidance of the student in his study of it. In conclusion some brief words must be said in recognition of the important part played by the Spanish *comedia* in the development of the dramatic literature of Europe.

The influence of the *comedia*, many traces of which are to be seen in our own country, was chiefly felt in France.

Corneille.

Spanish dramatists were of a higher originality and a more fertile imagination than their French neighbours ; they suggested to them innumerable plots and situations, and this was by no means the limit of their services. Spain, while she was politically the leading nation in Europe, made herself in many ways much felt in France. Her fervent religion and loyalty, her spirit of high romance and chivalry were expressed in her own drama, and found an echo in that of France. Corneille would alone suffice for illustration. His epoch-making *Cid* was based on Guillen de Castro's *Mocedades del Cid ;* not only are some of its finest speeches suggested by those of the original, but the stately heroism of the play, and its central theme of tragic conflict between two opposing forces, are also unmistakably Spanish.

In *Polyeucte* the influence of the Spanish religious play is very marked ; and moreover, Corneille's admirable comedy *Le menteur* is founded on Ruiz de Alarcon's no less admirable *La verdad sospechosa*.

As the heroic spirit wore itself out in Spain a hard realism and a cynical irony manifested themselves more and more.

[1] See page 20.

This new tone soon communicated itself to France, where the *picaresque* literature of Spain had an immense vogue, while on Molière Spanish realism had an influence almost as great as her chivalry on Corneille. Religious hypocrisy, quackery and shams of any kind were all satirised in Spain before appearing in Molière's immortal comedies; his shrewd, self-seeking *bourgeois* bear a distinct resemblance to the servants and *graciosos* of Calderon and others, while he, like Calderon, is more given to the presentation of types than of individuals.

Molière.

Molière's *L'école des maris* seems to be a combination of two of Lope's plays. The famous character of Don Juan is a Spanish creation, and Molière's *Festin de Pierre* is built up on the Don Juan story. Women of the type found in *Les précieuses ridicules* and *Les femmes savantes* are favourite subjects for ridicule in the Spanish drama; and Molière was probably acquainted before writing these dramas with Lope's *Dama melindrosa* and Calderon's *No hay burlas con el amor*. In the latter play one sister, Leonor, inclines to marriage, while Beatriz, another, affects to despise it; their woman-servant is distressingly ignorant, and their father inveighs against pedantry. These characters have their parallels in *Les femmes savantes*, and are treated there in a manner very similar to Calderon's.

It is important fully to realise the services rendered by the Spanish drama to that of other nations, because it is a sad but undeniable fact that hitherto small justice has been done to it. Its pre-eminently national character largely accounts for this, but there are also other reasons. The French as a people have been slow to acknowledge the literary merits of men of genius outside their own nation. In bygone days they have styled Shakspear "a barbarian," and Lope de Vega a mere "rimeur au-delà des Pyrénées," nor during many decades of degradation was Spain in a position to assert herself. Shamefully oblivious, indeed, of her glorious past, she long indulged in slavish imitations of French models. It has been only in comparatively modern times that the Spanish have awakened to a fuller consciousness of their past achievements, and have taken down the tomes of their half-forgotten dramatists from the dusty shelves of old libraries.

EL ALCALDE DE ZALAMEA.

PERSONAS.

El rey Felipe II.
Don Lope de Figueroa.
Don Alvaro de Ataide, *capitán.*
Un sargento.
La Chispa.
Rebolledo, *soldado.*
Pedro Crespo, *labrador, viejo.*
Juan, *hijo de Pedro Crespo.*
Isabel, *hija del mismo.*
Inés, *prima de Isabel.*
Don Mendo, *hidalgo.*
Nuño, *su criado.*
Un escribano.
Soldados.—Un tambor.
Labradores.—Acompañamiento.

La escena es en Zalamea y sus inmediaciones.

JORNADA PRIMERA.

Campo cercano a Zalamea.

ESCENA PRIMERA.

REBOLLEDO, CHISPA, soldados.

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Cuerpo de Cristo con quien
Desta suerte hace marchar
De un lugar a otro lugar
Sin dar un refresco !

TODOS.

Amen.

REBOLLEDO.

¿ Somos gitanos aquí 5
Para andar desta manera ?
Una arrollada bandera
¿ Nos ha de llevar tras sí ?
Con una caja . . .

SOLDADO 1.°

¿ Ya empiezas ?

REBOLLEDO.

Que este rato que calló,
Nos hizo merced de no
Rompernos estas cabezas ?

SOLDADO 2.°

No muestres deso pesar,
Si ha de olvidarse, imagino,
El cansancio del camino
A la entrada del lugar.

REBOLLEDO.

¿ A qué entrada, si voy muerto ?
Y aunque llegue vivo allá,
Sabe mi Dios si será
Para alojar ; pues es cierto
Llegar luego al comisario
Los alcaldes a decir
Que si es que se pueden ir,
Que darán lo necesario.
Responderles, lo primero,
Que es imposible, que viene
La gente muerta ; y si tiene
El concejo algún dinero,
Decir : « Señores soldados,
Orden hay que no paremos :
Luego al instante marchemos.»
Y nosotros, muy menguados,
A obedecer al instante
Orden que es, en caso tal,
Para él orden monacal,
Y para mí mendicante.
Pues ¡ voto a Dios ! que si llego
Esta tarde a Zalamea,
Y pasar de allí desea
Por diligencia o por ruego,
Que ha de ser sin mí la ida ;
Pues no, con desembarazo,
Será el primer tornillazo
Que habré yo dado en mi vida.

SOLDADO 1.°

Tampoco será el primero 45
Que haya la vida costado
A un miserable soldado;
Y más hoy si considero
Que es el cabo desta gente
Don Lope de Figueroa, 50
Que si tiene fama y loa
De animoso y de valiente,
La tiene también de ser
El hombre más desalmado,
Jurador y renegado 55
Del mundo, y que sabe hacer
Justicia del más amigo,
Sin fulminar el proceso.

REBOLLEDO.

¿Ven ustedes todo eso?
Pues yo haré lo que yo digo. 60

SOLDADO 2.°

¿Deso un soldado blasona?

REBOLLEDO.

Por mí muy poco me inquieta;
Pero por esa pobreta,
Que viene tras la persona . . .

CHISPA.

Seor Rebolledo, por mí 65
Voacé no se aflija, no;
Que, como ya sabe, yo,
Barbada el alma nací;
Y ese temor me deshonra,
Pues no vengo yo a servir 70
Menos que para sufrir
Trabajos con mucha honra.
Que para estarme, en rigor,
Regalada, no dejara
En mi vida, cosa es clara, 75
La casa del regidor,
Donde todo sobra, pues
Al mes mil regalos vienen;
Que hay regidores que tienen

Mesa franca con el mes. 80
Y pues al venir aquí,
A marchar y padecer
Con Rebolledo, sin ser
Postema, me resolví,
Por mí ¿ en qué duda o repara ? 85

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Viven los cielos que eres
Corona de las mujeres !

SOLDADO 2.°

Aquesa es verdad bien clara.
¡ Viva la Chispa !

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Reviva !
Y más si por divertir 90
Esta fatiga de ir
Cuesta abajo y cuesta arriba,
Con su voz el aire inquieta
Una jácara o canción.

CHISPA.

Responda a esa petición 95
Citada la castañeta.

REBOLLEDO.

Y yo ayudaré también,
Sentencien los camaradas,
Todas las partes citadas.

SOLDADO 1.°

¡ Vive Dios, que ha dicho bien ! 100
(*Cantan Rebolledo y la Chispa.*)

CHISPA.

Yo soy titiri, titiri, tina,
Flor de la jacarandina.

REBOLLEDO.

Yo soy titiri, titiri, taina,
Flor de la jacarandaina.

CHISPA.

Vaya a la guerra el alférez, 105
Y embárquese el capitán.

REBOLLEDO.

Mate moros quien quisiere,
Que a mi no me han hecho mal.

CHISPA.

Vaya y venga la tabla al horno,
Y a mí no me falte pan. 110

REBOLLEDO.

Huéspeda, máteme una gallina :
Que el carnero me hace mal.

SOLDADO 1.°

Aguarda ; que ya me pesa
(Que íbamos entretenidos
En nuestros mismos oídos) 115
De haber llegado a ver esa
Torre, pues es necesario
Que donde paremos sea.

REBOLLEDO.

¿ Es aquella Zalamea ?

CHISPA.

Dígalo su campanario. 120
No sienta tanto voacé,
Que cese el cántico ya :
Mil ocasiones habrá
En que lograrle, porque
Esto me divierte tanto, 125
Que como de otras no ignoran
Que a cada cosita lloran,
Yo a cada cosita canto,
Y oirá uced jácaras ciento.

REBOLLEDO.

Hagamos alto aqui, pues 130
Justo, hasta que venga, es,
Con la orden el Sargento,
Por si hemos de entrar marchando
Y en tropas.

SOLDADO 1.°

El sólo es quien
Llega ahora ; mas también 135
El Capitán esperando
Está.

ESCENA II.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO.—Dichos.

CAPITÁN.

Señores soldados,
Albricias puedo pedir.
De aquí no hemos de salir,
Y hemos de estar alojados 140
Hasta que Don Lope venga
Con la gente que quedó
En Llerena; que hoy llegó
Orden de que se prevenga
Toda, y no salga de aqui 145
A Guadalupe hasta que
Junto todo el tercio esté,
Y él vendrá luego; y así,
Del cansancio bien podrán
Descansar algunos días. 150

REBOLLEDO.

Albricias pedir podías.

TODOS.

¡ Víctor nuestro Capitán !

CAPITÁN.

Ya está hecho el alojamiento:
El comisario irá dando
Boletas, como llegando 155
Fueren.

CHISPA.

Hoy saber intento
Por qué dijo, voto a tal,
Aquella jacarandina:
« Huéspeda, máteme una gallina;
Que el carnero me hace mal.» 160
(*Vanse.*)

Calle.

ESCENA III.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO.

CAPITÁN.

Señor Sargento, ¿ ha guardado
Las boletas para mí,
Que me tocan ?

SARGENTO.

Señor, sí.

CAPITÁN.

¿ Y dónde estoy alojado ?

SARGENTO.

En la casa de un villano, 165
Que el hombre más rico es
Del lugar, de quien después
He oído que es el más vano
Hombre del mundo, y que tiene
Más pompa y más presunción 170
Que un infante de León.

CAPITÁN.

Bien a un villano conviene
Rico aquesa vanidad.

SARGENTO.

Dicen que ésta es la mejor
Casa del lugar, señor ; 175
Y si va a decir verdad,
Yo la escogí para ti,
No tanto porque lo sea,
Como porque en Zalamea
No hay tan bella mujer . . . 180

CAPITÁN.

Di.

SARGENTO.

Como una hija suya.

CAPITÁN.

Pues
Por muy hermosa y muy vana,
¿ Será más que una villana
Con malas manos y piés ?

SARGENTO.

¿ Qué haya en el mundo quien diga 185
Eso ?

CAPITÁN.

¿ Pues no, mentecato ?

SARGENTO.

¿ Hay más bien gastado rato
(A quien amor no le obliga,
Sino ociosidad no más)
Que el de una villana, y ver 190
Que no acierta a responder
A propósito jamás ?

CAPITÁN.

Cosa es que en toda mi vida,
Ni aun de paso, me agradó ;
Porque en no mirando yo 195
Aseada y bien prendida
Una mujer, me parece
Que no es mujer para mí.

SARGENTO.

Pues para mí, señor, sí,
Cualquiera que se me ofrece. 200
Vamos allá ; que por Dios,
Que me pienso entretener
Con ella.

CAPITÁN.

¿ Quieres saber
Cuál dice bien de los dos ?
El que una belleza adora, 205
Dijo, viendo a la que amó :
«Aquella es mi dama » y no :
«Aquella es mi labradora.»
Luego si dama se llama
La que se ama, claro es ya 210
Que en una villana está
Vendido el nombre de dama.
Mas ¿ qué ruido es ése ?

SARGENTO.

Un hombre,
Que de un flaco rocinante

A la vuelta de esa esquina 215
Se apeó, y en rostro y talle
Parece a aquel Don Quijote,
De quien Miguel de Cervantes
Escribió las aventuras.

CAPITÁN.

¡ Qué figura tan notable ! 220

SARGENTO.

Vamos, señor ; que ya es hora.

CAPITÁN.

Lléveme el sargento ántes
A la posada la ropa,
Y vuelva luego a avisarme.
(*Vanse.*)

ESCENA IV.

DON MENDO, NUÑO.

DON MENDO.

¿ Cómo va el rucio ?

NUÑO.

Rodado, 225
Pues no puede menearse.

DON MENDO.

¿ Dijiste al lacayo, di,
Que un rato le pasease ?

NUÑO.

¡ Qué lindo pienso !

DON MENDO.

No hay cosa
Que tanto a un bruto descanse. 230

NUÑO.

Aténgome a la cebada.

DON MENDO.

¿ Y que a los galgos no aten,
Dijiste ?

NUÑO.

Ellos se holgarán;
Mas no el carnicero.

DON MENDO.

Baste,
Y pues han dado las tres, 235
Cálzome palillo y guantes.

NUÑO.

¿Si te prenden el palillo
Por palillo falso? . . .

DON MENDO.

Si alguien,
Que no he comido un faisán,
Dentro de sí imagináre, 240
Que allá dentro de sí miente,
Aquí y en cualquiera parte
Le sustentaré.

NUÑO.

¿Mejor
No seria sustentarme
A mí que al otro? que en fin 245
Te sirvo.

DON MENDO.

¡Qué necedades!
—En efecto, ¿que han entrado
Soldados aquesta tarde
En el pueblo?

NUÑO.

Sí, señor.

DON MENDO.

Lástima da el villanaje 250
Con los huéspedes que espera.

NUÑO.

Más lástima da y más grande
Con los que no espera . . .

DON MENDO.

¿Quién?

NUÑO.

La hidalguez; y no te espante;
Que si no alojan, señor, 255
En cas de hidalgos a nadie,
¿Por qué piensas que es?

DON MENDO.

¿Por qué?

NUÑO.

Porque no se mueran de hambre.

DON MENDO.

En buen descanso esté el alma
De mi buen señor y padre, 260
Pues en fin me dejó una
Ejecutoria tan grande,
Pintada de oro y azul,
Exención de mi linaje.

NUÑO.

Tomáramos que dejara 265
Un poco del oro aparte.

DON MENDO.

Aunque si reparo en ello,
Y si va a decir verdades,
No tengo que agradecerle
De que hidalgo me engendrase, 270
Porque yo no me dejára
Engendrar, aunque él porfiase,
Si no fuera de un hidalgo,
En el vientre de mi madre.

NUÑO.

Fuera de saber difícil. 275

DON MENDO.

No fuera sino muy fácil.

NUÑO.

¿Cómo, señor?

DON MENDO.

Tú, en efecto,
Filosofía no sabes,
Y así ignoras los principios.

NUÑO.

Sí, mi señor, y aun los antes 280
Y postres, desde que cómo
Contigo; y es, que al instante,
Mesa divina es tu mesa,
Sin medios, postres ni antes.

DON MENDO.

Yo no digo esos principios. 285
Has de saber que el que nace,
Sustancia es del alimento
Que antes comieron sus padres.

NUÑO.

¿Luego tus padres comieron?
Esa maña no heredaste. 290

DON MENDO.

Esto después se convierte
En su propia carne y sangre.
Luego si hubiera comido
El mío cebolla, al instante
Me hubiera dado el olor, 295
Y hubiera dicho yo: «Tate,
Que no me está bien hacerme
De excremento semejante.»

NUÑO.

Ahora digo que es verdad . . .

DON MENDO.

¿Qué?

NUÑO.

Que adelgaza la hambre 300
Los ingenios.

DON MENDO.

Majadero,
¿Téngola yo?

NUÑO.

No te enfades;
Que si no la tienes, puedes
Tenerla, pues de la tarde
Son ya las tres, y no hay greda 305
Que mejor las manchas saque
Que tu saliva y la mía.

DON MENDO.

Pues esa ¿ es causa bastante
Para tener hambre yo ?
Tengan hambre los gañanes ; 310
Que no somos todos unos ;
Que a un hidalgo no le hace
Falta el comer.

NUÑO.

¡ Oh, quién fuera
Hidalgo !

DON MENDO.

Y más no me hables
Desto, pues ya de Isabel 315
Vamos entrando en la calle.

NUÑO.

¿ Por qué, si de Isabel eres
Tan firme y rendido amante,
A su padre no la pides ?
Pues con eso tú y su padre 320
Remediaréis de una vez
Entrambas necesidades :
Tú comerás, y él hará
Hidalgos sus nietos.

DON MENDO.

No hables
Más, Nuño, en eso, ¿ Dineros 325
Tanto habían de postrarme,
Que a un hombre llano por suegro
Había de admitir ?

NUÑO.

Pues antes
Pensé que ser hombre llano,
Para suegro, era importante ; 330
Pues de otros dicen que son
Tropezones, en que caen
Los yernos. Y si no has
De casarte, ¿ por qué haces
Tantos extremos de amor ? 335

DON MENDO.

¿ Pues no hay sin que yo me case,
Huelgas en Burgos, adonde
Llevarla cuando me enfade ?
Mira si acaso la ves.

NUÑO.

Temo, si acierta a mirarme 340
Pedro Crespo . . .

DON MENDO.

¿ Qué ha de hacerte,
Siendo mi criado, nadie ?
Haz lo que manda tu amo.

NUÑO.

Sí haré, aunque no he de sentarme
Con él a la mesa.

DON MENDO.

Es propio 345
De los que sirven, refranes.

NUÑO.

Albricias, que con su prima
Inés a la reja sale.

DON MENDO.

Di que por el bello oriente,
Coronado de diamantes, 350
Hoy, repitiéndose el sol,
Amanece por la tarde.

ESCENA V.

ISABEL E INÉS, *a una ventana.* —DICHOS.

INÉS.

Asómate a esa ventana,
Prima, así el cielo te guarde :
Verás los soldados que entran 355
En el lugar.

ISABEL.

No me mandes
Que a la ventana me ponga,
Estando este hombre en la calle,
Inés, pues ya cuánto el verle
En ella me ofende sabes. 360

INÉS.

En notable tema ha dado
De servirte y festejarte.

ISABEL.

No soy más dichosa yo.

INÉS.

A mi parecer, mal haces
De hacer sentimiento desto. 365

ISABEL.

¿ Pues qué había de hacer ?

INÉS.

Donaire.

ISABEL.

¿ Donaire de los disgustos ?

DON MENDO (*Llegando a la ventana*).

Hasta aqueste mismo instante,
Jurara yo a fe de hidalgo
(Que es juramento inviolable) 370
Que no había amanecido ;
Mas, ¿ qué mucho que lo extrañe,
Hasta que a vuestras auroras
Segundo día les sale ?

ISABEL.

Ya os he dicho muchas veces, 375
Señor Mendo, cuán en balde
Gastáis finezas de amor,
Locos extremos de amante
Haciendo todos los días
En mi casa y en mi calle. 380

DON MENDO.

Si las mujeres hermosas
Supieran cuanto las hacen

Más hermosas el enojo,
El rigor, desdén y ultraje,
En su vida gastarían 385
Más afeite que enojarse.
Hermosa estáis, por mi vida.
Decid, decid más pesares.

ISABEL.

Cuando no baste el decirlos,
Don Mendo, el hacerlos baste 390
De aquesta manera.—Inés,
Entrate acá dentro, y dale
Con la ventana en los ojos. (*Vase.*)

INÉS.

Señor caballero andante,
Que de aventurero entráis 395
Siempre en lides semejantes,
Porque de mantenedor
No era para vos tan fácil,
Amor os provea. (*Vase.*)

DON MENDO.

Inés,
Las hermosuras se salen 400
Con cuanto ellas quieren.—Nuño.

NUÑO.

¡ Oh qué desairados nacen
Todos los pobres !

ESCENA VI.

PEDRO CRESPO ; *después,* JUAN CRESPO.—DICHOS.

PEDRO CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

¡ Que nunca
Entre y salga yo en mi calle,
Que no vea a este hidalgote 405
Pasearse en ella muy grave !

NUÑO. (*Ap. a su amo.*)

Pedro Crespo viene aquí.
Vamos por esotra parte,
Que es villano malicioso.
(*Sale Juan Crespo.*)

JUAN. (*Ap.*)
¿ Que siempre que venga, halle 410
Este fantasma á mi puerta,
Calzada de frente y guantes ?

NUÑO. (*Ap. a su amo.*)
Pero acá viene su hijo.

DON MENDO.
No te turbes ni embaraces.

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)
Mas Juanico viene aquí. 415

JUAN. (*Ap.*)
Pero aquí viene mi padre.

DON MENDO.
(*Ap. a Nuño.* Disimula.) Pedro Crespo,
Dios os guarde.

CRESPO.
Dios os guarde.
(*Vanse Don Mendo y Nuño.*)

ESCENA VII.

PEDRO Y JUAN CRESPO.

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)
El ha dado en porfiar,
Y alguna vez he de darle 420
De manera que le duela.

JUAN.
(*Ap.*) (Algún día he de enojarme.)
¿ De dónde bueno, señor ?

CRESPO.
De las eras, que esta tarde
Salí a mirar la labranza, 425
Y están las parvas notables
De manojos y montones,
Que parecen al mirarse
Desde lejos montes de oro,
Y aun oro de más quilates, 430

Pues de los granos de aqueste
Es todo el cielo el contraste.
Allí el bieldo, hiriendo a soplos
El viento en ellos suave,
Deja en esta parte el grano, 435
Y la paja en la otra parte;
Que aun allí lo más humilde
Da el lugar a lo más grave.
¡Oh, quiera Dios que en las trojes
Yo llegue a encerrarlo, antes 440
Que algún turbión me lo lleve,
O algún viento me lo tale!
Tú, ¿qué has hecho?

JUAN.

No sé cómo
Decirlo sin enojarte.
A la pelota he jugado 445
Dos partidos esta tarde,
Y entrambos los he perdido.

CRESPO.

Haces bien, si los pagaste.

JUAN.

No los pagué; que no tuve
Dineros para ello: antes 450
Vengo a pedirte, señor . . .

CRESPO.

Pues escucha antes de hablarme.
Dos cosas no has de hacer nunca:
No ofrecer lo que no sabes
Que has de cumplir, ni jugar 455
Más de lo que está delante;
Porque si por accidente
Falta, tu opinión no falte.

JUAN.

El consejo es como tuyo;
Y porque debo estimarle 460
He de pagarte con otro.

En tu vida no has de darle
Consejo al que ha menester
Dinero.

CRESPO.

Bien te vengaste. (*Vase.*)

Patio o portal de la casa de Pedro Crespo.

ESCENA VIII.

CRESPO, JUAN, EL SARGENTO.

SARGENTO.

¿ Vive Pedro Crespo aquí ? 465

CRESPO.

¿ Hay algo que usted le mande ?

SARGENTO.

Traer a su casa la ropa
De Don Alvaro de Ataide,
Que es el capitán de aquesta
Compañia que esta tarde 470
Se ha alojado en Zalamea.

CRESPO.

No digáis más : eso baste ;
Que para servir a Dios,
Y al Rey en sus capitanes,
Está mi casa y mi hacienda. 475
Y en tanto que se le hace
El aposento, dejad
La ropa en aquella parte,
Y id a decirle que venga
Cuando su merced mandare 480
A que se sirva de todo.

SARGENTO.

El vendrá luego al instante. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA IX.

CRESPO, JUAN.

JUAN.

¿ Qué quieras, siendo tan rico,
Vivir a estos hospedajes
Sujeto ?

CRESPO.

Pues ¿ cómo puedo 485
Excusarlos ni excusarme ?

JUAN.

Comprando una ejecutoria.

CRESPO.

Dime por tu vida, ¿ hay alguien
Que no sepa que yo soy,
Si bien de limpio linaje, 490
Hombre llano ? No por cierto.
Pues ¿ qué gano yo en comprarle
Una ejecutoria al Rey,
Si no le compro la sangre ?
¿ Dirán entonces que soy 495
Mejor que ahora ? Es dislate.
Pues ¿ qué dirán ? Que soy noble
Por cinco o seis mil reales.
Y eso es dinero, y no es honra ;
Que honra no la compra nadie. 500
¿ Quieres, aunque sea trivial,
Un ejemplillo escucharme ?
Es calvo un hombre mil años,
Y al cabo dellos se hace
Una cabellera. Este, 505
En opiniones vulgares,
¿ Deja de ser calvo ? No,
Pues qué dicen al mirarle :
¡ «Bien puesta la cabellera
Trae Fulano !» Pues ¿ qué hace, 510
Si aunque no le vean la calva,
Todos que la tiene saben ?

JUAN.

Enmendar su vejación,
Remediarse de su parte,
Y redimir las molestias 515
Del sol, del hielo y del aire.

CRESPO.

Yo no quiero honor postizo,
Que el defecto ha de dejarme

En casa. Villanos fueron
Mis abuelos y mis padres; 520
Sean villanos mis hijos.
Llama a tu hermana.

JUAN.

Ella sale.

ESCENA X.

ISABEL, INÉS.—CRESPO, JUAN.

CRESPO.

Hija, el Rey nuestro señor,
Que el cielo mil años guarde,
Va a Lisboa, porque en ella 525
Solicita coronarse
Como legítimo dueño:
A cuyo efecto marciales
Tropas caminan con tantos
Aparatos militares 530
Hasta bajar a Castilla
El tercio viejo de Flándes
Con un Don Lope, que dicen
Todos que es español Marte.
Hoy han de venir a casa 535
Soldados, y es importante
Que no te vean; y así, hija,
Al punto has de retirarte
En esos desvanes, donde
Yo vivía.

ISABEL.

A suplicarte 540
Me dieses esta licencia
Venía. Yo sé que el estarme
Aquí, es estar solamente
A escuchar mil necedades.
Mi prima y yo en ese cuarto 545
Estaremos, sin que nadie,
Ni aun el mismo sol, hoy sepa
De nosotras.

CRESPO.

Dios os guarde.
Juanito, quédate aquí,
Recibe a huéspedes tales, 550
Mientras busco en el lugar
Algo con que regalarles. (*Vase.*)

ISABEL.

Vamos, Inés.

INÉS.

Vamos, prima;
Mas tengo por disparate
El guardar a una mujer, 555
Si ella no quiere guardarse.
(*Vanse Isabel e Inés.*)

ESCENA XI.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO.—JUAN.

SARGENTO.

Esta es, señor, la casa,

CAPITÁN.

Pues del cuerpo de guardia al punto pasa
Toda mi ropa.

SARGENTO. (*Ap. al capitán.*)

Quiero
Registrar la villana lo primero. (*Vase.*) 560

JUAN.

Vos seáis bien venido
A aquesta casa; que ventura ha sido
Grande venir a ella un caballero
Tan noble como en vos le considero.
(*Ap.* ¡Qué galán! ¡Qué alentado! 565
Envidia tengo al traje de soldado.)

CAPITÁN.

Vos seáis bien hallado.

JUAN.

Perdonaréis no estar acomodado;
Que mi padre quisiera
Que hoy un alcázar esta casa fuera. 570
El ha ido a buscaros
Que comáis; que desea regalaros,
Y yo voy a que esté vuestro aposento
Aderezado.

CAPITÁN.

Agradecer intento
La merced y el cuidado. 575

JUAN.

Estaré siempre a vuestros piés postrado.
(*Vase.*)

ESCENA XII.

EL SARGENTO.—EL CAPITÁN.

CAPITÁN.

¿Qué hay, Sargento? ¿Has ya visto
A la tal labradora?

SARGENTO.

Vive Cristo,
Que con aquese intento
No he dejado cocina ni aposento, 580
Y no la he encontrado.

CAPITÁN.

Sin duda el villanchón la ha retirado.

SARGENTO.

Pregunté a una criada
Por ella, y respondióme que ocupada
Su padre la tenía 585
En ese cuarto alto, y que no había
De bajar nunca acá; que es muy celoso.

CAPITÁN.

¿Qué villano no ha sido malicioso?
Si acaso aquí la viera,
Della caso no hiciera; 590

Y sólo porque el viejo la ha guardado,
Deseo, vive Dios, de entrar me ha dado
Donde está.

SARGENTO.

Pues ¿ qué haremos
Para que allá, señor, con causa entremos,
Sin dar sospecha alguna ? 595

CAPITÁN.

Sólo por tema la he de ver, y una
Industria he de buscar.

SARGENTO.

Aunque no sea
De mucho ingenio para quien la vea
Hoy, no importará nada ;
Que con eso será más celebrada. 600

CAPITÁN.

Oyela, pues, ahora.

SARGENTO.

Di, ¿ qué ha sido ?

CAPITÁN.

Tú has de fingir . . .—Mas no ; pues ha venido
(*Viendo venir a Rebolledo.*)
Ese soldado, que es más despejado,
El fingirá mejor lo que he trazado.

ESCENA XIII.

REBOLLEDO, LA CHISPA.—Dichos.

REBOLLEDO. (*A la Chispa.*)

Con este intento vengo . 605
A hablar al Capitán, por ver si tengo
Dicha en algo.

CHISPA.

Pues háblale de modo
Que le obligues ; que en fin no ha de ser todo
Desatino y locura.

REBOLLEDO.
Préstame un poco tú de tu cordura. 610

CHISPA.
Poco y mucho pudiera.

REBOLLEDO.
Mientras hablo con él, aquí me espera.
(*Adelántase.*)
—Yo vengo a suplicarte . . .

CAPITÁN.
En cuanto puedo
Ayudaré, por Dios, a Rebolledo,
Porque me ha aficionado 615
Su despejo y su brío.

SARGENTO.
Es gran soldado.

CAPITÁN.
Pues ¿ qué hay que se ofrezca ?

REBOLLEDO.
Yo he perdido
Cuanto dinero tengo y he tenido
Y he de tener, porque de pobre juro
En presente, pretérito y futuro. 620
Hágaseme merced de que, por vía
De ayudilla de costa, aqueste día
El alférez me dé . . .

CAPITÁN.
Diga : ¿ qué intenta ?

REBOLLEDO.
El juego del boliche por mi cuenta ;
Que soy hombre cargado 625
De obligaciones, y hombre al fin honrado.

CAPITÁN.
Digo que eso es muy justo,
Y el alférez sabrá que ese es mi gusto.

CHISPA. (*Ap.*)
Bien le habla el Capitán. ¡Oh si me viera
Llamar de todos yo la Bolichera ! 630

REBOLLEDO.

Daréle ese recado.

CAPITÁN.

Oye, primero
Que le lleves. De tí fiarme quiero
Para cierta invención que he imaginado,
Con que salir espero de un cuidado.

REBOLLEDO.

Pues ¿ qué es lo que se aguarda ? 635
Lo que tarda en saberse, es lo que tarda
En hacerse.

CAPITÁN.

Escúchame. Yo intento
Subir a ese aposento
Por ver si en él una persona habita,
Que de mí hoy esconderse solicita. 640

REBOLLEDO.

Pues ¿ por qué a él no subes ?

CAPITÁN.

No quisiera
Sin que alguna color para esto hubiera,
Por disculparlo más ; y así, fingiendo
Que yo riño contigo, has de irte huyendo
Por ahí arriba. Entonces, yo enojado, 645
La espada sacaré : tú, muy turbado,
Has de entrarte hasta donde
La persona que busco se me esconde.

REBOLLEDO.

Bien informado quedo.

CHISPA. (*Ap.*)

Pues habla el Capitán con Rebolledo 650
Hoy de aquella manera,
Desde hoy me llamarán la Bolichera.

REBOLLEDO. (*Alzando la voz.*)

¡ Vive Dios, que han tenido
Esta ayuda de costa que he pedido,
Un ladrón, un gallina y un cuitado ! 655
Y ahora que la pide un hombre honrado,
¡ No se la dan !

CHISPA. (*Ap.*)
Ya empieza su tronera.

CAPITÁN.
Pues ¿ cómo me habla a mí desa manera ?

REBOLLEDO.
¿ No tengo de enojarme,
Cuando tengo razón ? 660

CAPITÁN.
No, ni ha de hablarme.
Y agradezca que sufro aqueste exceso.

REBOLLEDO.
Ucé es mi capitán : sólo por eso
Callaré ; mas por Dios, que si tuviera
La bengala en la mano . . .
CAPITAN. (*Echando mano a la espada.*)
¿ Qué me hiciera ?

CHISPA.
Tente, señor. (*Ap.* Su muerte considero.) 665

REBOLLEDO.
Que me hablara mejor.

CAPITÁN.
¿ Qué es lo que espero,
Que no doy muerte a un pícaro atrevido ?
(*Desenvaina.*)

REBOLLEDO.
Huyo, por el respeto que he tenido
A esa insignia.

CAPITÁN.
Aunque huyas,
Te he de matar.

CHISPA.
Ya él hizo de las suyas. 670

SARGENTO.
Tente, señor.

CHISPA.
Escucha.

SARGENTO.

Aguarda, espera.

CHISPA.

Ya no me llamarán la Bolichera.

(*Vase el Capitán huyendo tras Rebolledo, el Sargento tras el Capitán: sale Juan con espada y después su padre.*)

ESCENA XIV.

JUAN, CRESPO.—LA CHISPA.

JUAN.

Acudid todos presto.

CRESPO.

¿Qué ha sucedido aquí?

JUAN.

¿Qué ha sido esto?

CHISPA.

Que la espada ha sacado
El Capitán aquí para un soldado,
Y, esta escalera arriba,
Sube tras él.

CRESPO.

¿Hay suerte más esquiva?

CHISPA.

Subid todos tras él.

JUAN. (*Ap.*)

Acción fué vana
Esconder a mi prima y a mi hermana.
(*Vanse.*)

Cuarto alto en la misma casa.

ESCENA XV.

REBOLLEDO, *que huye y se encuentra con* ISABEL É INÉS; *después,* EL CAPITÁN Y EL SARGENTO.

REBOLLEDO.

Señoras, pues siempre ha sido
Sagrado el que es templo, hoy
Sea mi sagrado aqueste,
Puesto que es templo de amor.

ISABEL.

¿ Quién a huir de esa manera 685
Os obliga ?

INÉS.

¿ Qué ocasión
Tenéis de entrar hasta aquí ?

ISABEL.

¿ Quién os sigue o busca ?
(*Salen el Capitán y el Sargento.*)

CAPITÁN.

Yo,
Que tengo de dar la muerte
Al pícaro ¡ vive Dios ! 690
Si pensase . . .

ISABEL.

Detenéos,
Siquiera, porque, señor,
Vino a valerse de mí ;
Que los hombres como vos
Han de amparar las mujeres, 695
Si no por lo que ellas son,
Porque son mujeres : que esto
Basta, siendo vos quien sois.

CAPITÁN.

No pudiera otro sagrado
Librarle de mi furor, 700
Sino vuestra gran belleza :
Por ella vida le doy.

Pero mirad que no es bien
En tan precisa ocasión
Hacer vos el homicidio 705
Que no queréis que haga yo.

ISABEL.

Caballero, si cortés
Ponéis en obligación
Nuestras vidas, no zozobre
Tan presto la intercesión. 710
Que dejéis este soldado
Os suplico; pero no
Que cobréis de mí la deuda
A que agradecida estoy.

CAPITÁN.

No sólo vuestra hermosura 715
Es de rara perfección;
Pero vuestro entendimiento
Lo es también, porque hoy en vos
Alianza están jurando
Hermosura y discreción. 720

ESCENA XVI.

CRESPO Y JUAN, *con espadas desnudas;* LA CHISPA.—DICHOS.

CRESPO.

¿Cómo es eso, caballero?
¿Cuándo pensó mi temor
Hallaros matando un hombre,
Os hallo . . .

ISABEL. (*Ap.*)

¡Válgame Dios!

CRESPO.

Requebrando una mujer? 725
Muy noble, sin duda sois,
Pues que tan presto se os pasan
Los enojos.

CAPITÁN.

Quien nació
Con obligaciones, debe—
Acudir a ellas, y yo 730
Al respeto desta dama
Suspendí todo el furor.

CRESPO.

Isabel es hija mía,
Y es labradora, señor,
Que no dama.

JUAN.

(*Ap.*) (¡ Vive el cielo, 735
Que todo ha sido invención
Para haber entrado aquí !
Corrido en el alma estoy
De que piensen que me engañan,
Y no ha de ser.) Bien, señor 740
Capitán, pudierais ver
Con más segura atención
Lo que mi padre desea
Hoy serviros, para no
Haberle hecho este disgusto. 745

CRESPO.

¿ Quién os mete en eso a vos,
Rapaz ? ¿ Qué disgusto ha habido ?
Si el soldado le enojó,
¿ No había de ir tras él ? Mi hija
Estima mucho el favor 750
Del haberle perdonado,
Y el de su respeto yo.

CAPITÁN.

Claro está que no habrá sido
Otra causa, y ved mejor
Lo que decís.

JUAN.

Yo lo he visto 755
Muy bien.

CRESPO.

Pues ¿ cómo habláis vos.
Asi ?

CAPITÁN.

Porque estáis delante,
Más castigo no le doy
A este rapaz.

CRESPO.

Detened,
Señor Capitán; que yo 760
Puedo tratar a mi hijo
Como quisiere, y no vos.

JUAN.

Y yo sufrirlo a mi padre,
Mas a otra persona no.

CAPITÁN.

¿ Qué habíais de hacer ?

JUAN.

Perder 765
La vida por la opinión.

CAPITÁN.

¿ Qué opinión tiene un villano ?

JUAN.

Aquella misma que vos;
Que no hubiera un capitán,
Si no hubiera un labrador. 770

CAPITÁN.

¡ Vive Dios, que ya es bajeza
Sufrirlo !

CRESPO.

Ved que yo estoy
De por medio.
(*Sacan las espadas.*)

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Vive Cristo,
Chispa, que ha de haber hurgón !

CHISPA. (*Voceando.*)

¡ Aquí del cuerpo de guardia ! 775

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Don Lope ! (*Ap.* Ojo, avizor.)

ESCENA XVII.

DON LOPE, *con hábito muy galán y bengala:* SOLDADOS, UN TAMBOR.—DICHOS.

DON LOPE.

¿Qué es aquesto? La primera
Cosa que he de encontrar hoy,
Acabado de llegar,
¿Ha de ser una cuestión? 780

CAPITÁN. (*Ap.*)

¿A qué mal tiempo Don Lope
De Figueroa llegó!

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

Por Dios que se las tenía
Con todos el rapagón.

DON LOPE.

¿Qué ha habido? ¿Qué ha sucedido? 785
Hablad, porque ¡vive Dios,
Que a hombres, mujeres y casa
Eche por un corredor!
¿No me basta haber subido
Hasta aquí, con el dolor 790
Desta pierna, que los diablos
Lleváran, amén, sino
No decirme: «Aquesto ha sido?»

CRESPO.

Todo esto es nada, señor.

DON LOPE.

Hablad, decid la verdad. 795

CAPITÁN.

Pues es que alojado estoy.
En esta casa: un soldado . . .

DON LOPE.

Decid.

CAPITÁN.

Ocasión me dió
A que sacase con él
La espada. Hasta aquí se entró 800

Huyendo; entréme tras él
Donde estaban esas dos
Labradoras; y su padre
Y su hermano, o lo que son,
Se han disgustado de que 805
Entrase hasta aquí.

DON LOPE.

Pues yo
A tan buen tiempo he llegado,
Satisfaré a todos hoy.
¿Quién fué el soldado, decid,
Que a su capitán le dió 810
Ocasión de que sacase
La espada?

REBOLLEDO. (*Ap.*)

¿A que pago yo
Por todos?

ISABEL.

Aqueste fué
El que huyendo hasta aquí entró.

DON LOPE.

Denle dos tratos de cuerda. 815

REBOLLEDO.

¿Tra-qué han de darme, señor?

DON LOPE.

Tratos de cuerda.

REBOLLEDO.

Yo hombre
De aquesos tratos no soy.

CHISPA. (*Ap.*)

Desta vez me le estropean.

CAPITÁN. (*Ap. a él.*)

¡Ah Rebolledo! por Dios, 820
Que nada digas: yo haré
Que te libren.

REBOLLEDO.

(*Ap. al Capitán.*) ¿Cómo no
Lo he de decir, pues si callo,
Los brazos me pondrán hoy
Atrás como mal soldado?) 825
El Capitán me mandó
Que fingiese la pendencia,
Para tener ocasión
De entrar aquí.

CRESPO.

Ved ahora
Si hemos tenido razón. 830

DON LOPE.

No tuvisteis para haber
Así puesto en ocasión
De perderse este lugar.—
Hola, echa un bando, tambor,
Que al cuerpo de guardia vayan 835
Los soldados cuantos son,
Y que no salga ninguno,
Pena de muerte, en todo hoy.—
Y para que no quedéis
Con aqueste empeño vos, 840
Y vos con este disgusto,
Y satisfechos los dos,
Buscad otro alojamiento;
Que yo en esta casa estoy
Desde hoy alojado, en tanto 845
Que a Guadalupe no voy,
Donde está el Rey.

CAPITÁN.

Tus preceptos
Ordenes precisas son
Para mí.

(*Vanse el Capitán, los soldados y la Chispa.*)

CRESPO.

Entráos allá dentro.
(*Vanse Isabel, Inés y Juan.*)

ESCENA XVIII.

CRESPO, DON LOPE.

CRESPO.

Mil gracias, señor, os doy
Por la merced que me hicisteis 850
De excusarme la ocasión
De perderme.

DON LOPE.

¿ Cómo habíais,
Decid, de perderos vos ?

CRESPO.

Dando muerte a quien pensara 855
Ni aun el agravio menor . . .

DON LOPE.

¿ Sabéis, vive Dios, que es
Capitán ?

CRESPO.

Si, vive Dios ;
Y aunque fuera el general,
En tocando a mi opinión, 860
Le matara.

DON LOPE.

A quien tocara,
Ni aun al soldado menor,
Sólo un pelo de la ropa,
Viven los cielos, que yo
Le ahorcara.

CRESPO.

A quien se atreviera 865
A un átomo de mi honor,
Viven los cielos también,
Que también le ahorcara yo.

DON LOPE.

¿ Sabéis que estáis obligado
A sufrir, por ser quien sois, 870
Estas cargas ?

CRESPO.

Con mi hacienda;
Pero con mi fama no.
Al Rey la hacienda y la vida
Se ha de dar; pero el honor
Es patrimonio del alma, 875
Y el alma sólo es de Dios.

DON LOPE.

¡Vive Cristo, que parece
Que vais teniendo razón!

CRESPO.

Sí, vive Cristo, porque
Siempre la he tenido yo. 880

DON LOPE.

Yo vengo cansado, y esta
Pierna que el diablo me dió,
Ha menester descansar.

CRESPO.

Pues ¿quién os dice que no?
Ahí me dió el diablo una cama, 885
Y servirá para vos.

DON LOPE.

¿Y dióla hecha el diablo?

CRESPO.

Sí.

DON LOPE.

Pues a deshacerla voy;
Que estoy, voto a Dios, cansado.

CRESPO.

Pues descansad, voto a Dios. 890

DON LOPE. (*Ap.*)

Testarudo es el villano
Tan bien jura como yo.

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

Caprichudo es el Don Lope:
No haremos migas los dos.

JORNADA SEGUNDA.

Calle.

ESCENA PRIMERA.

DON MENDO, NUÑO.

DON MENDO.

¿ Quién te contó todo eso ?

NUÑO.

Todo esto contó Ginesa,
Su criada.

DON MENDO.

¡ El Capitán,
Después de aquella pendencia
Que en su casa tuvo (fuese
Ya verdad o ya cautela),
Ha dado en enamorar
A Isabel !

NUÑO.

Y de manera,
Que tan poco humo en su casa
El hace como en la nuestra
Nosotros. En todo el día
Se ve apartar de la puerta ,
No hay hora que no la envie
Recados ; con ellos entra
Y sale un mal soldadillo,
Confidente suyo.

DON MENDO.

Cesa ;
Que es mucho veneno, mucho,
Para que el alma lo beba
De una vez.

NUÑO.

Y más no habiendo
En el estómago fuerzas
Con que resistirle.

DON MENDO.

Hablemos
Un rato, Nuño, de veras.

NUÑO.

¡ Pluguiera a Dios fueran burlas !

DON MENDO.

¿ Y qué le responde ella ?

NUÑO.

Lo que a ti, porque Isabel 25
Es deidad hermosa y bella,
A cuyo cielo no empañan
Los vapores de la tierra.

DON MENDO.

¡ Buenas nuevas te dé Dios !
(*Al hacer la exclamación, da una manotada a Nuño en el rostro.*)

NUÑO.

A ti te dé mal de muelas ; 30
Que me has quebrado dos dientes.
Mas bien has hecho, si intentas
Reformarlos, por familia
Que no sirve ni aprovecha—
El Capitán.

DON MENDO.

¡ Vive Dios, 35
Si por el honor no fuera
De Isabel, que le matara!

NUÑO. (*Ap.*)

Más será por tu cabeza.

DON MENDO.

Escucharé retirado.—
Aquí a esta parte te llega. 40

ESCENA II.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO, REBOLLEDO. —DON MENDO Y NUÑO, *retirados*.

CAPITÁN.

Este fuego, esta pasión,
No es amor solo, que es tema,
Es ira, es rabia, es furor.

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Oh ! ¡ nunca, señor, hubieras
Visto a la hermosa villana 45
Que tantas ansias te cuesta !

CAPITÁN.

¿ Qué te dijo la criada ?

REBOLLEDO.

¿ Ya no sabes sus respuestas ?

DON MENDO. (*Ap. a Nuño.*)

Esto ha de ser. Pues ya tiende
La noche sus sombras negras, 50
Antes que se haya resuelto
A lo mejor mi prudencia,
Ven a armarme.

NUÑO.

¡ Pues qué ! ¿ tienes
Más armas, señor, que aquellas
Que están en un azulejo
Sobre el marco de la puerta ? 55

DON MENDO.

En mi guadarnés presumo
Que hay para tales empresas
Algo que ponerme.

NUÑO.

Vamos
Sin que el Capitán nos sienta. 60
(*Vanse.*)

ESCENA III.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO, REBOLLEDO.

CAPITÁN.

¡Que en una villana haya
Tan hidalga resistencia,
Que no me haya respondido
Una palabra siquiera
Apacible!

SARGENTO.

Estas, señor, 65
No de los hombres se prendan
Como tú. Si otro villano
La festejara y sirviera,
Hiciera más caso dél.
Fuera de que son tus quejas 70
Sin tiempo. Si te has de ir
Mañana, ¿para qué intentas
Que una mujer en un día
Te escuche y te favorezca?

CAPITÁN.

En un día el sol alumbra 75
Y falta; en un día se trueca
Un reino todo; en un día
Es edificio una peña;
En un día una batalla
Pérdida y victoria ostenta; 80
En un día tiene el mar
Tranquilidad y tormenta;
En un día nace un hombre
Y muere; luego pudiera
En un día ver mi amor 85
Sombra y luz como planeta,
Pena y dicha como imperio,
Gente y brutos como selva,
Paz y inquietud como mar,
Triunfo y ruina como guerra, 90
Vida y muerte como dueño
De sentidos y potencias;
Y habiendo tenido edad
En un día su violencia

De hacerme tan desdichado, 95
¿Por qué, por qué no pudiera
Tener edad en un día
De hacerme dichoso? ¿Es fuerza
Que se engendren más despacio
Las glorias que las ofensas? 100

SARGENTO.

¿Verla una vez solamente
A tanto extremo te fuerza?

CAPITÁN.

¿Qué más causa había de haber,
Llegando a verla, que verla?
De sola una vez a incendio 105
Crece una breve pavesa;
De una vez sola un abismo
Sulfúreo volcan revienta;
De una vez se enciende el rayo,
Que destruye cuanto encuentra; 110
De una vez escupe horror
La más reformada pieza;
¿De una vez amor, qué mucho,
Que fuego en cuatro maneras,
Mina, incendio, pieza y rayo, 115
Postre, abrase, asombre y hiera?

SARGENTO.

¿No decías que villanas
Nunca tenían belleza?

CAPITÁN.

Y aun aquesa confianza
Me mató, porque el que piensa 120
Que va a un peligro, ya va
Prevenido a la defensa.
Quien va a una seguridad,
Es el que más riesgo lleva,
Por la novedad que halla, 125
Si acaso un peligro encuentra.
Pensé hallar una villana;
Si hallé una deidad, ¿no era
Preciso que peligrase
En mi misma inadvertencia? 130

En toda mi vida ví
Más divina, más perfecta
Hermosura. ¡ Ay Rebolledo !
No sé qué hiciera por verla.

REBOLLEDO.

En la compañía hay soldado 135
Que canta por excelencia ;
Y la Chispa, que es mi alcaida
Del boliche, es la primera
Mujer en jacarear.
Haya, señor, gira y fiesta 140
Y música a su ventana ;
Que con esto podrás verla,
Y aun hablarla.

CAPITÁN.

Como está
Don Lope, allí, no quisiera
Despertarle.

REBOLLEDO.

Pues Don Lope 145
¿ Cuándo duerme con su pierna ?
Fuera, señor, que la culpa,
Si se entiende, será nuestra,
No tuya, si de rebozo
Vas en la tropa.

CAPITÁN.

Aunque tenga 150
Mayores dificultades,
Pase por todas mi pena.
Juntáos todos esta noche ;
Mas de suerte que no entiendan
Que yo lo mando. ¡ Ah, Isabel, 155
Qué de cuidados me cuestas !
(*Vanse el Capitán y el Sargento.*)

ESCENA IV.

LA CHISPA.—REBOLLEDO.

CHISPA. (*Dentro.*)

Tenga esa.

REBOLLEDO.

Chispa, ¿ qué es eso ?

CHISPA.

Ahí un pobrete, que queda
Con un rasguño en el rostro.

REBOLLEDO.

¿ Pues por qué fué la pendencia ? 160

CHISPA.

Sobre hacerme alicantina
Del barato de hora y media
Que estuvo echando las bolas,
Teniéndome muy atenta
A si eran pares o nones : 165
Canséme y dile con esta. (*Saca la daga.*)
Mientras que con el barbero
Poniéndose en puntos queda,
Vamos al cuerpo de guardia ;
Que allá te daré la cuenta. 170

REBOLLEDO.

¡ Bueno es estar de mohina,
Cuando vengo yo de fiesta !

CHISPA.

Pues ¿ qué estorba el uno al otro ?
Aquí está la castañeta :
¿ Qué se ofrece que cantar ? 175

REBOLLEDO.

Ha de ser cuando anochezca,
Y música más fundada.
Vamos, y no te detengas,
Anda acá al cuerpo de guardia.

CHISPA.

Fama ha de quedar eterna 180
De mí en el mundo, que soy
Chispilla la Bolichera.
(*Vanse.*)

Sala baja de casa de Crespo, con vistas y salida a un jardín. Ventana a un lado.

ESCENA V.

DON LOPE, CRESPO.

CRESPO. (*Dentro.*)

En este paso, que está
Más fresco, poned la mesa
Al señor Don Lope. Aquí 185
Os sabrá mejor la cena;
Que al fin los días de Agosto
No tienen más recompensa
Que sus noches.

DON LOPE.

Apacible
Estancia en extremo es ésta. 190

CRESPO.

Un pedazo es de jardín,
En que mi hija se divierta.
Sentaos; que el viento suave
Que en las blandas hojas suena
Destas parras y estas copas, 195
Mil cláusulas lisonjeras
Hace al compás desta fuente,
Cítara de plata y perlas,
Porque son en trastes de oro
Las guijas templadas cuerdas. 200
Perdonad si de instrumentos
Solos la música suena,
Sin cantores que os deleiten,
Sin voces que os entretengan.
Que como músicos son 205
Los pájaros que gorjean,
No quieren cantar de noche,
Ni yo puedo hacerles fuerza.
Sentaos pues, y divertid
Esa contínua dolencia. 210

DON LOPE.

No podré; que es imposible
Que divertimiento tenga.
¡Válgame Dios!

CRESPO.

Valga, amén.

DON LOPE.

Los cielos me den paciencia.
Sentaos, Crespo.

CRESPO.

Yo estoy bien. 215

DON LOPE.

Sentaos.

CRESPO.

Pues me dais licencia,
Digo, señor, que obedezco,
Aunque excusarlo pudierais. (*Siéntase.*)

DON LOPE.

¿No sabéis que he reparado?
Que ayer la cólera vuestra 220
Os debió de enajenar
De vos.

CRESPO.

Nunca me enajena
A mí de mí nada.

DON LOPE.

Pues
¿Cómo ayer, sin que os dijera
Que os sentarais, os sentasteis, 225
Y aun en la silla primera?

CRESPO.

Porque no me lo dijisteis;
Y hoy, que lo decís, quisiera
No hacerlo: la cortesía,
Tenerla con quien la tenga. 230

DON LOPE.

Ayer todo erais reniegos,
Porvidas, votos y pesias;
Y hoy estáis más apacible,
Con más gusto y más prudencia.

CRESPO.

Yo, señor, respondo siempre 235
En el tono y en la letra
Que me hablan. Ayer vos
Así hablabais, y era fuerza
Que fueran de un mismo tono
La pregunta y la respuesta. 240
Demás de que yo he tomado
Por política discreta
Jurar con aquel que jura,
Rezar con aquel que reza.
A todo hago compañía; 245
Y es aquesto de manera,
Que en toda la noche pude
Dormir, en la pierna vuestra
Pensando, y amanecí
Con dolor en ambas piernas; 250
Que por no errar la que os duele,
Si es la izquierda o la derecha,
Me dolieron a mí entrambas.
Decidme por vida vuestra
Cuál es, y sépalo yo, 255
Porque una sola me duela.

DON LOPE.

¿No tengo mucha razón
De quejarme, si ha ya treinta
Años que asistiendo en Flandes
Al servicio de la guerra, 260
El invierno con la escarcha,
Y el verano con la fuerza
Del sol, nunca descansé,
Y no he sabido qué sea
Estar sin dolor un hora? 265

CRESPO.

¡Dios, señor, os dé paciencia!

DON LOPE.

¿Para qué la quiero yo?

CRESPO.

No os la dé.

DON LOPE.

Nunca acá venga,
Sino que dos mil demonios
Carguen conmigo y con ella. 270

CRESPO.

Amén, y si no lo hacen,
Es por no hacer cosa buena.

DON LOPE.

¡ Jesús mil veces, Jesús !

CRESPO.

Con vos y conmigo sea.

DON LOPE.

¡ Vive Cristo, que me muero ! 275

CRESPO.

¡ Vive Cristo, que me pesa !

ESCENA VI.

JUAN, *que saca la mesa.*—DON LOPE, CRESPO.

JUAN.

Ya tienes la mesa aquí.

DON LOPE.

¿ Cómo a servirla no entran
Mis criados ?

CRESPO.

Yo, señor,
Dije, con vuestra licencia, 280
Que no entraran a serviros,
Y que en mi casa no hicieran
Prevenciones ; que a Dios gracias,
Pienso que no os falte en ella
Nada.

DON LOPE.

Pues no entran criados, 285
Hacedme merced que venga
Vuestra hija aquí a cenar
Conmigo.

CRESPO.

Dila que venga
A tu hermana al punto, Juan.
(*Vase Juan.*)

DON LOPE.

Mi poca salud me deja 290
Sin sospecha en esta parte.

CRESPO.

Aunque vuestra salud fuera,
Señor, la que yo os deseo,
Me dejara sin sospecha.
Agravio hacéis a mi amor, 295
Que nada deso me inquieta;
Pues decirla que no entrara
Aquí, fué con advertencia
De que no estuviese a oir
Ociosas impertinencias; 300
Que si todos los soldados
Corteses como vos fueran,
Ella había de asistir
A servirlos la primera.

DON LOPE. (*Ap.*)

¡Qué ladino es el villano, 305
O cómo tiene prudencia!

ESCENA VII.

JUAN, INÉS, ISABEL.—DON LOPE, CRESPO.

ISABEL.

¿Qué es, señor, lo que me mandas?

CRESPO.

El señor Don Lope intenta
Honraros: él es quien llama.

ISABEL.

Aquí está una esclava vuestra. 310

DON LOPE.

Serviros intento yo.
(*Ap.*) (¡ Qué hermosura tan honesta !)
Que cenéis conmigo quiero.

ISABEL.

Mejor es que a vuestra cena
Sirvamos las dos.

DON LOPE.

Sentaos. 315

CRESPO.

Sentaos, haced lo que ordena
El señor Don Lope.

ISABEL.

Esté
El mérito en la obediencia.
(*Siéntanse.—Tocan dentro guitarras.*)

DON LOPE.

¿ Qué es aquello ?

CRESPO.

Por la calle
Los soldados se pasean 320
Tocando y cantando.

DON LOPE.

Mal
Los trabajos de la guerra
Sin aquesta libertad
Se llevaran ; que es estrecha
Religión la de un soldado,
Y darla ensanches es fuerza. 325

JUAN.

Con todo eso es linda vida.

DON LOPE.

¿ Fuérades con gusto a ella ?

JUAN.

Sí, señor, como llevara
Por amparo a Vuecelencia. 330

ESCENA VIII.

SOLDADOS, REBOLLEDO.—DICHOS.

UN SOLDADO. (*Dentro.*)
Mejor se cantará aquí.

REBOLLEDO. (*Dentro.*)
Vaya a Isabel una letra,
Y porque despierte, tira
A su ventana una piedra.
(*Suena una piedra en una ventana.*)

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)
A ventana señalada 335
Va la música: paciencia.

UNA VOZ. (*Canta dentro.*)
Las flores del romero,
Niña Isabel,
Hoy son flores azules,
Y mañana serán miel. 340

DON LOPE.
(*Ap.*) (Música, vaya; mas esto
De tirar es desvergüenza . . .
¡Y a la casa donde estoy
Venirse a dar cantaletas! . . .
Pero disimularé 345
Por Pedro Crespo y por ella.)
¡Qué travesuras!

CRESPO.
Son mozos.
(*Ap.*) (Si por Don Lope no fuera,
Yo les hiciera . . .)

JUAN. (*Ap.*)
Si yo
Una rodelilla vieja, 350
Que en el cuarto de Don Lope
Está colgada, pudiera
Sacar . . . (*Hace que se va.*)

CRESPO.
¿Dónde vais, mancebo?

JUAN.
Voy a que traigan la cena.

CRESPO.
Allá hay mozos que la traigan. 355

SOLDADOS. (*Dentro, cantando.*)
Despierta, Isabel, despierta.

ISABEL. (*Ap.*)
¿ Qué culpa tengo yo, cielos,
Para estar a esto sujeta ?

DON LOPE.
Ya no se puede sufrir,
Porque es cosa muy mal hecha. 360
(*Arroja la mesa.*)

CRESPO.
Pues ¡ y cómo que lo es !
(*Arroja la silla.*)

DON LOPE.
(*Ap.*) (Llevéme de mi impaciencia.)
¿ No es, decídme muy mal hecho,
Que tanto una pierna duela ?

CRESPO.
Deso mismo hablaba yo. 365

DON LOPE.
Pensé que otra cosa era.
Como arrojasteis la silla . . .

CRESPO.
Como arrojasteis la mesa
Vos, no tuve que arrojar
Otra cosa yo más cerca. 370
(*Ap.*) (Disimulemos, honor.)

DON LOPE.
(*Ap.*) (¡ Quién en la calle estuviera !)
Ahora bien, cenar no quiero.
Retiraos.

CRESPO.
En hora buena.

DON LOPE.
Señora, quedad con Dios. 375

ISABEL.
El cielo os guarde.

DON LOPE. (*Ap.*)
A la puerta
De la calle ¿ no es mi cuarto ?
Y en él ¿ no está una rodela ?

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)
¿ No tiene puerta el corral,
Y yo una espadilla vieja ? 380

DON LOPE.
Buenas noches.

CRESPO.
Buenas noches.
(*Ap.*) (Encerraré por defuera
A mis hijos.)

DON LOPE. (*Ap.*)
Dejaré
Un poco la casa quieta.

ISABEL. (*Ap.*)
¡ Oh qué mal, cielos, los dos 385
Disimulan que les pesa !

INÉS. (*Ap.*)
Mal el uno por el otro
Van haciendo la deshecha.

CRESPO.
¡ Hola, mancebo ! . . .

JUAN.
Señor.

CRESPO.
Acá está la cama vuestra. (*Vanse.*) 390

Calle.

ESCENA IX.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO; LA CHISPA Y REBOLLEDO, *con guitarras,* SOLDADOS.

REBOLLEDO.

Mejor estamos aquí:
El sitio es más oportuno.
Tome rancho cada uno.

CHISPA.

¿Vuelve la música?

REBOLLEDO.

Sí.

CHISPA.

Ahora estoy en mi centro. 395

CAPITÁN.

¡Que no haya una ventana
Entreabierto esta villana!

SARGENTO.

Pues bien lo oyen allá dentro.

CHISPA.

Espera.

SARGENTO.

Será a mi costa.

REBOLLEDO.

No es más de hasta ver quién es 400
Quien llega.

CHISPA.

Pues qué, ¿no ves
Un jinete de la costa?

ESCENA X.

DON MENDO, *con adarga,* NUÑO. —DICHOS.

DON MENDO. (*Ap. a Nuño.*)

¿Ves bien lo que pasa?

NUÑO.

No,
No veo bien ; pero bien
Lo escucho.

DON MENDO.

¿ Quién, cielos, quién 405
Esto puede sufrir ?

NUÑO.

Yo.

DON MENDO.

¿ Abrirá acaso Isabel
La ventana ?

NUÑO.

Sí abrirá.

DON MENDO.

No hará, villano.

NUÑO.

No hará.

DON MENDO.

¡ Ah, celos, pena cruel ! 410
Bien supiera yo arrojar
A todos a cuchilladas
De aquí ; mas disimuladas
Mis desdichas han de estar,
Hasta ver si ella ha tenido 415
Culpa dello.

NUÑO.

Pues aquí
Nos sentemos.

DON MENDO.

Bien : así
Estaré desconocido.

REBOLLEDO.

Pues ya el hombre se ha sentado,
Si ya no es que ser ordena 420
Alguna alma que anda en pena
De las cañas que ha jugado
Con su adarga a cuestas, da
Voz al aire. (*A la Chispa.*)

CHISPA.
Ya él la lleva.

REBOLLEDO.
Va una jácara tan nueva, 425
Que corra sangre.

CHISPA.
Sí hará.

ESCENA XI.

DON LOPE Y CRESPO *a un tiempo, con broqueles y cada uno por su lado.*—DICHOS.

CHISPA. (*Canta.*)
Érase cierto Sampayo
La flor de los andaluces,
El jaque de mayor porte
Y el rufo de mayor lustre. 430
Este pues a la Chillona
Halló un día . . .

REBOLLEDO.
No le culpen
La fecha; que el asonante
Quiere que haya sido en lúnes.

CHISPA.
Halló, digo, a la Chillona, 435
Que brindando entre dos luces,
Ocupaba con el Garlo
La casa de las azumbres.
El Garlo, que siempre fué,
En todo lo que le cumple, 440
Rayo de tejado abajo,
Porque era rayo sin nube,
Sacó la espada, y a un tiempo
De tajo y revés sacude.

CRESPO.
Sería desta manera. 445

DON LOPE.

Que sería así no duden.—
(*Acuchillan Don Lope y Crespo a los soldados y a Don Mendo y Nuño; métenlos, y vuelve Don Lope.*)
Huyeron, y uno ha quedado
Dellos, que es el que está aquí.
(*Vuelve Crespo.*)

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

Cierto es que él que queda allí,
Sin duda es algún soldado. 450

DON LOPE. (*Ap.*)

Ni aun éste se ha de escapar
Sin almagre.

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

Ni éste quiero
Que quede sin que mi acero
La calle le haga dejar.

DON LOPE.

Huid con los otros.

CRESPO.

Huid vos, 455
Que sabréis huir más bien.
(*Riñen.*)

DON LOPE. (*Ap.*)

¡ Vive Dios, que riñe bien !

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

¡ Bien pelea, vive Dios !

ESCENA XII.

JUAN, *con espada.*—DON LOPE, CRESPO.

JUAN.

(*Ap.*) Quiera el cielo que le tope.)
Señor, a tu lado estoy. 460

DON LOPE.

¿ Es Pedro Crespo ?

CRESPO.

Yo soy.
¿ Es Don Lope ?

DON LOPE.

Sí es Don Lope.
¿ Que no habíais, no dijisteis,
De salir ? ¿ Qué hazaña es esta ?

CRESPO.

Sean disculpa y respuesta
Hacer lo que vos hicisteis.

DON LOPE.

Aquesta era ofensa mía,
Vuestra no.

CRESPO.

No hay que fingir ;
Que yo he salido a reñir
Por haceros compañía.

[ESCENA] XIII.

SOLDADOS, EL CAPITÁN.—DICHOS.

SOLDADOS. (*Dentro.*)

A dar muerte nos juntemos
A estos villanos.

CAPITÁN. (*Dentro.*)

Mirad . . .
(*Salen los soldados y el Capitán.*)

DON LOPE.

¿ A dónde vais ? Esperad.
¿ De qué son estos extremos ?

CAPITÁN.

Los soldados han tenido
(Porque se estaban holgando
En esta calle, cantando
Sin alboroto ni ruido)
Una pendencia, y yo soy
Quien los está deteniendo.

DON LOPE.

Don Alvaro, bien entiendo
Vuestra prudencia; y pues hoy
Aqueste lugar está
En ojeriza, yo quiero
Excusar rigor más fiero; 485
Y pues amanece ya,
Orden doy que en todo el día,
Para que mayor no sea
El daño, de Zalamea
Saquéis vuestra compañía: 490
Y estas cosas, acabadas,
No vuelvan a ser, porque
Otra vez la paz pondré,
Vive Dios, a cuchilladas.

CAPITÁN.

Digo que por la mañana 495
La compañía haré marchar.
(*Ap.* La vida me has de costar,
Hermosísima villana.)

CRESPO. (*Ap.*)

Caprichudo es el Don Lope;
Ya haremos migas los dos. 500

DON LOPE.

Veníos conmigo vos,
Y sólo ninguno os tope.
(*Vanse.*)

ESCENA XIV.

DON MENDO; NUÑO, *herido.*

DON MENDO.

¿Es algo, Nuño, la herida?

NUÑO.

Aunque fuera menor, fuera
De mí muy mal recibida, 505
Y mucho más que quisiera.

DON MENDO.

Yo no he tenido en mi vida
Mayor pena ni tristeza.

NUÑO.

Yo tampoco.

DON MENDO.

Que me enoje
Es justo. ¿ Que su fiereza 510
Luego te dió en la cabeza ?

NUÑO.

Todo este lado me coge.
(*Tocan dentro.*)

DON MENDO.

¿ Qué es esto ?

NUÑO.

La compañía
Que hoy se va.

DON MENDO.

Y es dicha mía,
Pues con eso cesarán 515
Los celos del Capitán.

NUÑO.

Hoy se ha de ir en todo el día.

ESCENA XV.

EL CAPITÁN Y EL SARGENTO, *a un lado.*—
DON MENDO Y NUÑO, *al otro.*

CAPITÁN.

Sargento, vaya marchando
Antes que decline el día
Con toda la compañía, 520
Y con prevención que cuando
Se esconda en la espuma fría
Del océano español
Ese luciente farol,
En ese monte le espero, 525
Porque hallar mi vida quiero
Hoy en la muerte del sol.

SARGENTO. (*Ap. al Capitán.*)
Calla, que está aquí un figura
Del lugar.

DON MENDO. (*Ap. a Nuño.*)
Pasar procura
Sin que entienda mi tristeza. 530
No muestres, Nuño, flaqueza.

NUÑO.
¿ Puedo yo mostrar gordura ?
(*Vanse don Mendo y Nuño.*)

ESCENA XVI.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO.

CAPITÁN.
Yo he de volver al lugar,
Porque tengo prevenida
Una criada, a mirar 535
Si puedo por dicha hablar
A aquesta hermosa homicida.
Dádivas han granjeado
Que apadrine mi cuidado.

SARGENTO.
Pues, señor, si has de volver, 540
Mira que habrás menester
Volver bien acompañado ;
Porque al fin no hay que fiar
De villanos.

CAPITÁN.
Ya lo sé.
Algunos puedes nombrar 545
Que vuelvan conmigo.

SARGENTO.
Haré
Cuanto me quieras mandar ;
Pero, si acaso volviese
Don Lope, y te conociese
Al volver . . .

CAPITÁN.

Ese temor 550
Quiso también que perdiese
En esta parte mi amor;
Que Don Lope se ha de ir
Hoy también a prevenir
Todo el tercio a Guadalupe; 555
Que todo lo dicho supe
Yéndome ahora a despedir
Dél, porque ya el Rey vendrá,
Que puesto en camino está.

SARGENTO.

Voy, señor, a obedecerte. 560

CAPITÁN.

Que me va la vida advierte.

ESCENA XVII.

REBOLLEDO, LA CHISPA.—EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO.

REBOLLEDO.

Señor, albricias me da.

CAPITÁN.

¿De qué han de ser, Rebolledo?

REBOLLEDO.

Muy bien merecerlas puedo,
Pues solamente te digo . . . 565

CAPITÁN.

¿Qué?

REBOLLEDO.

Que ya hay un enemigo
Menos a quien tener miedo.

CAPITÁN.

¿Quién es? Dilo presto.

REBOLLEDO.

Aquel
Mozo, hermano de Isabel.
Don Lope se le pidió 570

Al padre, y él se le dió,
Y va a la guerra con él.
En la calle le he encontrado
Muy galán, muy alentado,
Mezclando a un tiempo, señor, 575
Rezagos de labrador
Con primicias de soldado;
De suerte que el viejo es ya
Quien pesadumbre nos da.

CAPITÁN.

Todo nos sucede bien, 580
Y más si me ayuda quien
Esta esperanza me da
De que esta noche podré
Hablarla.

REBOLLEDO.

No pongas duda.

CAPITÁN.

Del camino volveré; 585
Que ahora es razón que acuda
A la gente que se ve
Ya marchar. Los dos seréis
Los que conmigo vendréis. (*Vanse.*)

REBOLLEDO.

Pocos somos, vive Dios, 590
Aunque vengan otros dos,
Otros cuatro y otros seis.

CHISPA.

Y yo, si tú has de volver
Allá ¿qué tengo de hacer?
Pues no estoy segura yo, 595
Si da conmigo el que dió
Al barbero que coser.

REBOLLEDO.

No sé que he de hacer de tí.
¿No tendrás ánimo, di,
De acompañarme?

CHISPA.

¿ Pues no ? 600
¿ Vestido no tengo yo,
Animo y esfuerzo ?

REBOLLEDO.

Sí,
Vestido no faltará ;
Que ahí otro del paje está
De jineta, que se fué. 605

CHISPA.

Pues yo plaza pasaré
Por él.

REBOLLEDO.

Vamos, que se va
La bandera.

CHISPA.

Y yo veo ahora
Por qué en el mundo he cantado :
«Que el amor del soldado 610
No dura un hora.» (*Vanse.*)

ESCENA XVIII.

DON LOPE, CRESPO, JUAN.

DON LOPE.

A muchas cosas os soy
En extremo agradecido ;
Pero sobre todas, esta
De darme hoy a vuestro hijo 615
Para soldado, en el alma
Os la agradezco y estimo.

CRESPO.

Yo os le doy para criado.

DON LOPE.

Yo os lo llevo para amigo ;
Que me ha inclinado en extremo 620
Su desenfado y su brío
Y la afición a las armas.

JUAN.

Siempre a vuestros piés rendido
Me tendréis, y vos veréis
De la manera que os sirvo, 625
Procurando obedeceros
En todo.

CRESPO.

Lo que os suplico,
Es que perdonéis, señor,
Si no acertare a serviros,
Porque en el rústico estudio, 630
A donde rejas y trillos,
Palas, azadas y bieldos
Son nuestros mejores libros,
No habrá podido aprender
Lo que en los palacios ricos 635
Enseña la urbanidad
Política de los siglos.

DON LOPE.

Ya que va perdiendo el sol
La fuerza, irme determino.

JUAN.

Veré si viene, señor, 640
La litera. (*Vase.*)

ESCENA XIX.

ISABEL, INÉS.—DON LOPE, CRESPO.

ISABEL.

¿Y es bien iros,
Sin que os despidáis de quien
Tanto desea serviros?

DON LOPE. (*A Isabel.*)

No me fuera sin besaros
Las manos y sin pediros 645
Que liberal perdonéis
Un atrevimiento digno
De perdón, porque no el premio
Hace el don, sino el servicio.

Esta venera, que aunque 650
Está de diamantes ricos
Guarnecida, llega pobre
A vuestras manos, suplico
Que la toméis y traigáis
Por patena, en nombre mío. 655

ISABEL.

Mucho siento que penséis,
Con tan generoso indicio,
Que pagáis el hospedaje,
Pues de honra que recibimos,
Somos los deudores.

DON LOPE.

Esto
No es paga, sino cariño. 660

ISABEL.

Por cariño, y no por paga,
Solamente la recibo.
A mi hermano os encomiendo,
Ya que tan dichoso ha sido,
Que merece ir por criado 665
Vuestro.

DON LOPE.

Otra vez os afirmo
Que podéis descuidar dél;
Que va, señora, conmigo.

ESCENA XX.

JUAN.—DICHOS.

JUAN.

Ya está la litera puesta.

DON LOPE.

Con Dios os quedad.

CRESPO.

El mismo 670
Os guarde.

DON LOPE.

! Ah buen Pedro Crespo !

CRESPO.

¡ Ah Señor Don Lope invicto !

DON LOPE.

¿ Quién os dijera aquel día
Primero que aquí nos vimos,
Que habíamos de quedar 675
Para siempre tan amigos ?

CRESPO.

Yo lo dijera, señor,
Si allí supiera, al oiros,
Que erais . . . (*Al irse ya.*)

DON LOPE.

Decid por mi vida.

CRESPO.

Loco de tan buen capricho. 680
(*Vase Don Lope.*)

ESCENA XXI.

CRESPO, JUAN, ISABEL, INÉS.

CRESPO.

En tanto que se acomoda
El señor Don Lope, hijo,
Ante tu prima y tu hermana
Escucha lo que te digo.
Por la gracia de Dios, Juan, 685
Eres de linaje limpio
Más que el sol, pero villano :
Lo uno y lo otro te digo,
Aquello, porque no humilles
Tanto tu orgullo y tu brío, 690
Que dejes, desconfiado,
De aspirar con cuerdo arbitrio
A ser más ; lo otro, porque
No vengas desvanecido,
A ser menos : igualmente 695

Usa de entrambos designios
Con humildad; porque siendo
Humilde, con recto juicio
Acordarás lo mejor;
Y como tal, en olvido 700
Pondrás cosas que suceden
Al revés en los altivos.
¡Cuántos, teniendo en el mundo
Algún defecto consigo
Le han borrado por humildes! 705
Y ¡a cuántos, que no han tenido
Defecto, se le han hallado,
Por estar ellos mal vistos!
Sé cortés sobremanera,
Sé liberal y esparcido;
Que el sombrero y el dinero 710
Son los que hacen los amigos;
Y no vale tanto el oro
Que el sol engendra en el indio
Suelo y que conduce el mar, 715
Como ser uno bienquisto.
No hables mal de las mujeres:
La más humilde, te digo
Que es digna de estimación,
Porque, al fin, dellas nacimos. 720
No riñas por cualquier cosa;
Que cuando en los pueblos miro
Muchos que a reñir enseñan,
Mil veces entre mí digo:
«Aquesta escuela no es 725
La que ha de ser, pues colijo
Que no ha de enseñarse a un hombre
Con destreza, gala y brío
A reñir, sino a por qué
Ha de reñir; que yo afirmo 730
Que si hubiera un maestro solo
Que enseñara prevenido,
No el cómo, el por qué se riña,
Todos le dieran sus hijos,»
Con esto, y con el dinero 735
Que llevas para el camino,
Y para hacer, en llegando

De asiento, un par de vestidos,
El amparo de Don Lope
Y mi bendición, yo fío 740
En Dios que tengo de verte
En otro puesto. Adios, hijo;
Que me enternezco en hablarte.

JUAN.

Hoy tus razones imprimo
En el corazón, adonde 745
Vivirán, mientras yo vivo.
Dame tu mano, y tú, hermana,
Los brazos; que ya ha partido
Don Lope, mi señor, y es
Fuerza alcanzarle.

ISABEL.

Los míos 750
Bien quisieran detenerte.

JUAN.

Prima, adios.

INÉS.

Nada te digo
Con la voz, porque los ojos
Hurtan a la voz su oficio.
Adios.

CRESPO.

Ea, vete presto; 755
Que cada vez que te miro,
Siento más el que te vayas;
Y haz por ser lo que te he dicho.

JUAN.

El cielo con todos quede.

CRESPO.

El cielo vaya contigo. (*Vase Juan.*) 760

ESCENA XXII.

CRESPO, ISABEL, INÉS.

ISABEL.

¡ Notable crueldad has hecho !

CRESPO.

(*Ap.* Ahora que no le miro,
Hablaré más consolado.)
¿ Qué había de hacer conmigo,
Sino ser toda su vida 765
Un holgazán, un perdido ?
Váyase a servir al Rey.

ISABEL.

Que de noche haya salido
Me pesa a mí.

CRESPO.

Caminar
De noche por el estío, 770
Antes es comodidad
Que fatiga, y es preciso
Que a Don Lope alcance luego
Al instante. (*Ap.* Enternecido
Me deja, cierto, el muchacho, 775
Aunque en público me animo.)

ISABEL.

Entrate, señor, en casa.

INÉS.

Pues sin soldados vivimos,
Estémonos otro poco
Gozando a la puerta el frío 780
Viento que corre ; que luego
Saldrán por ahí los vecinos.

CRESPO.

(*Ap.* A la verdad, no entro dentro,
Porque desde aquí imagino,
Como el camino blanquea, 785
Que veo a Juan en el camino.)
Inés, sácame a esta puerta
Asiento.

INÉS.

Aquí está un banquillo.

ISABEL.

Esta tarde diz que ha hecho
La villa elección de oficios. 790

CRESPO.

Siempre aquí por el agosto
Se hace. (*Siéntanse.*)

ESCENA XXIII.

EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO, REBOLLEDO, LA CHISPA Y SOLDADOS, *embozados.*— CRESPO, ISABEL, INÉS.

CAPITÁN. (*Ap. a los suyos.*)

Pisad sin ruido.
Llega, Rebolledo, tú,
Y da a la criada aviso
De que ya estoy en la calle. 795

REBOLLEDO.

Yo voy, Mas ¡ qué es lo que miro !
A su puerta hay gente.

SARGENTO.

Y yo
En los reflejos y visos
Que la luna hace en el rostro,
Que es Isabel, imagino 800
Esta.

CAPITÁN.

Ella es : más que la luna,
El corazón me lo ha dicho.
A buena ocasión llegamos.
Si ya, una vez que venimos,
Nos atrevemos a todo, 805
Buena venida habrá sido.

SARGENTO.

¿ Estás para oir un consejo ?

CAPITÁN.

No.

SARGENTO.

Pues ya no te le digo.
Intenta lo que quisieres.

CAPITÁN.

Yo he de llegar, y atrevido 810
Quitar a Isabel de allí.
Vosotros a un tiempo mismo
Impedid a cuchilladas
El que me sigan.

SARGENTO.

Contigo
Venimos, y a tu orden hemos 815
De estar.

CAPITÁN.

Advertid que el sitio
Donde habemos de juntarnos
Es ese monte vecino,
Que está a la mano derecha,
Como salen del camino. 820

REBOLLEDO.

Chispa.

CHISPA.

¿ Qué ?

REBOLLEDO.

Ten esas capas.

CHISPA.

Que es del reñir, imagino,
La gala el guardar la ropa,
Aunque del nadar se dijo.

CAPITÁN.

Yo he de llegar el primero. 825

CRESPO.

Harto hemos gozado el sitio.
Entrémonos allá dentro.

CAPITÁN. (*Ap. a los suyos.*)
Ya es tiempo, llegad, amigos.
(*Lléganse a los tres los soldados ; detienen a Crespo y a Inés, y se apoderan de Isabel.*)

ISABEL.
¡ Ah traidor ! Señor, ¿ qué es esto ?

CAPITÁN.
Es una furia, un delirio
De amor. (*Llévala y vase.*)

ISABEL. (*Dentro.*)
¡ Ah traidor ¡—¡ Señor !

CRESPO.
¡ Ah cobardes !

ISABEL. (*Dentro.*)
¡ Padre mío !

INÉS. (*Ap.*)
Yo quiero aquí retirarme. (*Vase.*)

CRESPO.
¡ Cómo echáis de ver (¡ ah impíos !)
Que estoy sin espada, aleves,
Falsos y traidores !

REBOLLEDO.
Idos,
Si no queréis que la muerte
Sea el último castigo.
(*Vanse los robadores.*)

CRESPO.
¿ Qué importará, si está muerto
Mi honor, el quedar yo vivo !
¡ Ah ! ¡ quién tuviera una espada !
Porque sin armas seguirlos
Es en vano ; y si brioso
A ir por ella me aplico,
Los he de perder de vista.
¿ Qué he de hacer, hados esquivos,
Que de cualquiera manera
Es uno solo el peligro ?

ESCENA XXIV.

INÉS, *con una espada.*—CRESPO.

INÉS.

Ya tienes aquí la espada.

CRESPO.

A buen tiempo la has traido. 850
Ya tengo honra, pues tengo
Espada con que seguiros. (*Vanse.*)

Campo.

ESCENA XXV.

CRESPO, *riñendo con* EL SARGENTO, REBOLLEDO *y los* SOLDADOS; *después* ISABEL.

CRESPO.

Soltad la presa, traidores
Cobardes, que habéis cogido;
Que he de cobrarla, o la vida 855
He de perder.

SARGENTO.

Vano ha sido
Tu intento, que somos muchos.

CRESPO.

Mis males son infinitos,
Y riñen todos por mí . . . (*Cae.*)
—Pero la tierra que piso, 860
Me ha faltado.

REBOLLEDO.

Dadle muerte.

SARGENTO.

Mirad que es rigor impío
Quitarle vida y honor.
Mejor es en lo escondido
Del monte dejarle atado, 865
Porque no lleve el aviso.

ISABEL. (*Dentro.*)
¡ Padre y Señor !

CRESPO.
¡ Hija mía !

REBOLLEDO.
Retírale como has dicho.

CRESPO.
Hija, solamente puedo
Seguirte con mis suspiros. 870
(*Llévanle*).

ESCENA XXVI.

ISABEL Y CRESPO, *dentro ; después,* JUAN.

ISABEL. (*Dentro.*)
¡ Ay de mí !

JUAN. (*Saliendo.*)
¡ Qué triste voz !

CRESPO. (*Dentro.*)
¡ Ay de mí !

JUAN.
¡ Mortal gemido !
A la entrada dese monte
Cayó mi rocín conmigo,
Veloz corriendo : yo ciego 875
Por la maleza le sigo.
Tristes voces a una parte,
Y a otra míseros gemidos
Escucho, que no conozco,
Porque llegan mal distintos. 880
Dos necesidades son
Las que apellidan a gritos
Mi valor ; y pues iguales
A mi parecer han sido,
Y uno es hombre, otro mujer, 885
A seguir ésta me animo ;
Que así obedezco a mi padre
En dos cosas que me dijo :

«Reñir con buena ocasión,
Y honrar la mujer», pues miro 890
Que así honro las mujeres,
Y con buena ocasion riño.

JORNADA TERCERA.

Interior de un monte.

ESCENA PRIMERA.

ISABEL, *llorando.*

Nunca amanezca a mis ojos
La luz hermosa del día,
Porque a su sombra no tenga
Vergüenza yo de mí misma.
¡Oh tú, de tantas estrellas 5
Primavera fugitiva,
No dés lugar a la aurora,
Que tu azul campiña pisa,
Para que con risa y llanto
Borre tu apacible vista, 10
O ya que ha de ser, que sea
Con llanto, mas no con risa!
Detente, oh mayor planeta,
Más tiempo en la espuma fría
Del mar; deja que una vez 15
Dilate la noche esquiva
Su trémulo imperio; deja
Que de tu deidad se diga,
Atenta a mis ruegos, que es
Voluntaria y no precisa. 20
¿Para qué quieres salir
A ver en la historia mía
La más enorme maldad,
La más fiera tiranía,
Que en vergüenza de los hombres 25

Quiere el cielo que se escriba ?
Mas ¡ ay de mí ! que parece
Que es crueldad tu tiranía ;
Pues desde que te he rogado
Que te detuvieses, miran 30
Mis ojos tu faz hermosa
Descollarse por encima
De los montes. ¡ Ay de mí !
Que acosada y perseguida
De tantas penas, de tantas 35
Ansias, de tantas impías
Fortunas, contra mi honor
Se han conjurado tus iras.
¿ Qué he de hacer ? ¿ Dónde he de ir ?
Si a mi casa determinan 40
Volver mis erradas plantas,
Será dar nueva mancilla
Al anciano padre mío,
Que otro bien, otra alegría
No tuvo, sino mirarse 45
En la clara luna limpia
De mi honor, que hoy ¡ desdichado !
Tan torpe mancha le eclipsa.
Si dejo, por su respeto,
Y mi temor afligida, 50
De volver a casa, dejo
Abierto el paso a que digan
Que fuí cómplice en mi infamia ;
Y ciega y inadvertida
Vengo a hacer de la inocencia 55
Acrêdora a la malicia.
¡ Qué mal hice, qué mal hice
De escaparme fugitiva
De mi hermano ! ¿ No valiera
Más que su cólera altiva 60
Me diera la muerte, cuando
Llegó a ver la suerte mía ?
Llamarle quiero, que vuelva
Con saña más vengativa
Y me dé muerte : confusas 65
Voces el eco repita,
Diciendo. . . .

ESCENA III.

CRESPO.—ISABEL.

CRESPO. (*Dentro.*)
Vuelve a matarme.
Serás piadoso homicida;
Que no es piedad el dejar
A un desdichado con vida. 70

ISABEL.
¿Qué voz es ésta, que mal
Pronunciada y poco oída,
No se deja conocer?

CRESPO. (*Dentro.*)
Dadme muerte ¡si os obliga
Ser piadosos!

ISABEL.
¡Cielos, cielos! 75
Otro la muerte apellida,
Otro desdichado hay más,
Que hoy a pesar suyo viva.
(*Aparta unas ramas y descúbrese Crespo atado.*)
Mas ¿qué es lo que ven mis ojos?

CRESPO.
Si piedades solicita 80
Cualquiera que aqueste monte
Temerosamente pisa,
Llegue a dar muerte. . . . Mas ¡cielos!
¿Qué es lo que mis ojos miran?

ISABEL.
Atadas atrás las manos 85
A una rigurosa encina. . . .

CRESPO.
Enterneciendo los cielos
Con las voces que apellida. . . .

ISABEL.
Mi padre está.

CRESPO.
Mi hija veo.

ISABEL.

¡ Padre y señor !

CRESPO.

Hija mía, 90
Llégate, y quita estos lazos.

ISABEL.

No me atrevo ; que si quitan
Los lazos que te aprisionan
Una vez las manos mías,
No me atreveré, señor, 95
A contarte mis desdichas,
A referirte mis penas ;
Porque si una vez te miras
Con manos, y sin honor,
Me darán muerte tus iras ; 100
Y quiero, antes que lo veas,
Referirte mis fatigas.

CRESPO.

Detente, Isabel, detente,
No prosigas, que hay desdichas,
Que para contarlas, no 105
Es menester referirlas.

ISABEL.

Hay muchas cosas que sepas,
Y es forzoso que al decirlas,
Tu valor se irrite, y quieras
Vengarlas antes de oirlas. 110
—Estaba anoche gozando
La seguridad tranquila,
Que al abrigo de tus canas
Mis años me prometían,
Cuando aquellos embozados 115
Traidores (que determinan
Que lo que el honor defiende
El atrevimiento rinda)
Me robaron : bien así
Como de los pechos quita 120
Carnicero hambriento lobo
A la simple corderilla.

Aquel Capitán, aquel
Huésped ingrato, que el día
Primero introdujo en casa 125
Tan nunca esperada cisma
De traiciones y cautelas,
De pendencias y rencillas,
Fué el primero que en sus brazos
Me cogió, mientras le hacían 130
Espaldas otros traidores,
Que en su bandera militan.
Aqueste intrincado, oculto
Monte, que está a la salida
Del lugar, fué su sagrado: 135
¿Cuándo de la tiranía
No son sagrado los montes?
Aquí ajena de mí misma
Dos veces me miré, cuando
Aun tu voz, que me seguía, 140
Me dejó; porque ya el viento,
A quien tus acentos fías,
Con la distancia, por puntos
Adelgazándose iba;
De suerte, que las que eran 145
Antes razones distintas,
No eran voces, sino ruido;
Luego, en el viento esparcidas,
No eran voces, sino ecos
De unas confusas noticias; 150
Como aquel que oye un clarín,
Que cuando dél se retira,
Le queda por mucho rato,
Si no el ruido, la noticia.
El traidor pues en mirando 155
Que ya nadie hay que le siga,
Que ya nadie hay que me ampare,
Porque hasta la luna misma
Ocultó entre pardas sombras,
O cruel, o vengativa,
Aquella ¡ay de mí! prestada 160
Luz que del sol participa,
Pretendió ¡ay de mí otra vez
Y otras mil! con fementidas

Palabras, buscar disculpa 165
A su amor. ¿ A quién no admira
Querer de un instante a otro
Hacer la ofensa caricia ?
¡ Mal haya el hombre, mal haya
El hombre que solicita 170
Por fuerza ganar un alma,
Pues no advierte, pues no mira
Que las victorias de amor,
No hay trofeo en que consistan,
Sino en granjear el cariño 175
De la hermosura que estiman !
Porque querer sin el alma
Una hermosura ofendida
Es querer a una mujer
Hermosa, pero no viva. 180
¡ Qué ruegos, qué sentimientos
Ya de humilde, ya de altiva,
No le dije ! Pero en vano ;
Pues (calle aquí la voz mía)
Soberbio (enmudezca el llanto), 185
Atrevido (el pecho gima),
Descortés (lloren los ojos),
Fiero (ensordezca la envidia),
Tirano (falte el aliento),
Osado (luto me vista) 190
Y si lo que la voz yerra,
Tal vez con la acción se explica,
De vergüenza cubro el rostro,
De empacho lloro ofendida,
De rabia tuerzo las manos, 195
El pecho rompo de ira.
Entiende tú las acciones,
Pues no hay voces que lo digan ;
Baste decir que a las quejas
De los vientos repetidas, 200
En que ya no pedía al cielo
Socorro, sino justicia,
Salió el alba, y con el alba,
Trayendo la luz por guía,
Sentí ruido entre unas ramas. 205
Vuelvo a mirar quién sería,

Y veo a mi hermano. ¡ Ay cielos !
¿ Cuándo, cuándo ¡ ah suerte impía !
Llegaron a un desdichado
Los favores más aprisa ? 210
El a la dudosa luz,
Que, si no alumbra, ilumina,
Reconoce el daño, antes
Que ninguno se lo diga ;
Que son linces los pesares, 215
Que penetran con la vista.
Sin hablar palabra, saca
El acero que aquel día
Le ceñiste ; el Capitán,
Que el tardo socorro mira 220
En mi favor, contra el suyo
Saca la blanca cuchilla ;
Cierra el uno con el otro,
Este repara, aquel tira ;
Y yo, en tanto que los dos 225
Generosamente lidian,
Viendo temerosa y triste
Que mi hermano no sabía
Si tenía culpa o no,
Por no aventurar mi vida 230
En la disculpa, la espalda
Vuelvo, y por la entretejida
Maleza del monte huyo ;
Pero no con tanta prisa,
Que no hiciese de unas ramas 235
Intrincadas celosías,
Porque deseaba, señor,
Saber lo mismo que huía.
A poco rato, mi hermano
Dió al Capitán una herida : 240
Cayó, quiso asegundarle,
Cuando los que ya venían
Buscando a su capitán,
En su venganza se irritan.
Quiere defenderse ; pero 245
Viendo que era una cuadrilla,
Corre veloz : no le siguen,
Porque todos determinan

Más acudir al remedio
Que a la venganza que incitan. 250
En brazos al Capitán
Volvieron hacia la villa
Sin mirar en su delito;
Que en las penas sucedidas,
Acudir determinaron 255
Primero a la más precisa.
Yo pues que atenta miraba
Eslabonadas y asidas
Unas ansias de otras ansias,
Ciega, confusa y corrida, 260
Discurrí, bajé, corrí,
Sin luz, sin norte, sin guía,
Monte, llano y espesura,
Hasta que a tus piés rendida,
Antes que me dés la muerte 265
Te he contado mis desdichas.
Ahora que ya las sabes,
Rigurosamente anima
Contra mi vida el acero,
El valor contra mi vida; 270
Que ya para que me mates,
Aquestos lazos te quitan (*Le desata.*)
Mis manos: alguno dellos
Mi cuello infeliz oprima.
Tu hija soy, sin honra estoy 275
Y tú libre: solicita
Con mi muerte tu alabanza,
Para que de tí se diga
Que por dar vida a tu honor,
Diste la muerte a tu hija. 280

CRESPO.

Alzate, Isabel, del suelo:
No, no estés más de rodillas;
Que a no haber estos sucesos
Que atormenten y que aflijan,
Ociosas fueran las penas 285
Sin estimación las dichas.
Para los hombres se hicieron,
Y es menester que se impriman

Con valor dentro del pecho.
Isabel, vamos aprisa, 290
Demos la vuelta a mi casa;
Que este muchacho peligra,
Y hemos menester hacer
Diligencias exquisitas
Por saber dél y ponerle 295
En salvo.

ISABEL. (*Ap.*)
Fortuna mía,
O mucha cordura, o mucha
Cautela es esta.

CRESPO.
Camina.
(*Vanse.*)

Calle a la entrada del pueblo.

ESCENA III.

CRESPO, ISABEL.

CRESPO.
¡Vive Dios, que si la fuerza
Y necesidad precisa 300
De curarse hizo volver
Al Capitán a la villa,
Que pienso que le está bien
Morirse de aquella herida,
Por excusarse de otra 305
Y otras mil! que el ansia mía
No ha de parar, hasta darle
La muerte. Ea, vamos, hija,
A nuestra casa.

ESCENA IV.

EL ESCRIBANO.—CRESPO, ISABEL.

ESCRIBANO.
¡Oh señor
Pedro Crespo! dadme albricias. 310

CRESPO.
¡Albricias! ¿De qué, Escribano?

ESCRIBANO.

El Concejo aqueste día
Os ha hecho alcalde, y tenéis
Para estrena de justicia
Dos grandes acciones hoy: 315
La primera es la venida
Del Rey, que estará hoy aquí
O mañana en todo el día,
Según dicen; es la otra
Que ahora han traído a la villa 320
De secreto unos soldados
A curarse con gran prisa,
A aquel capitán, que ayer
Tuvo aquí su compañia.
El no dice quién le hirió; 325
Pero si esto se averigua,
Será una gran causa.

CRESPO.

(*Ap.*) ¡Cielos!
¡Cuando vengarse imagina,
Me hace dueño de mi honor
La vara de la justicia! 330
¿Cómo podré delinquir
Yo, si en esta hora misma
Me ponen a mí por juez,
Para que otros no delincan?
Pero cosas como aquestas 335
No se ven con tanta prisa.
(*Alto.*) En extremo agradecido
Estoy a quien solicita
Honrarme.

ESCRIBANO.

Venid a la casa
Del concejo, y recibida 340
La posesión de la vara,
Haréis en la causa misma
Averiguaciones.

CRESPO.

Vamos.—
A tu casa te retira.

ISABEL.

¡ Duélase el cielo de mí ! 345
¿ No he de acompañarte ?

CRESPO.

Hija,
Ya tenéis el padre alcalde :
El os guardará justicia.
(*Vanse.*)

Alojamiento del Capitán.

ESCENA V.

EL CAPITÁN, *con banda, como herido ;*
EL SARGENTO.

CAPITÁN.

Pues la herida no era nada,
¿ Por qué me hicisteis volver 350
Aquí ?

SARGENTO.

¿ Quién pudo saber
Lo que era antes de curada ?
Ya la cura prevenida,
Hemos de considerar
Que no es bien aventurar 355
Hoy la vida por la herida.
¿ No fuera mucho peor
Que te hubieras desangrado ?

CAPITÁN.

Puesto que ya estoy curado,
Detenernos será error. 360
Vámonos, antes que corra
Voz de que estamos aquí.
¿ Están ahí los otros ?

SARGENTO.

Sí.

CAPITÁN.

Pues la fuga nos socorra
Del riesgo destos villanos ; 365
Que si se llega a saber
Que estoy aquí, habrá de ser
Fuerza apelar a las manos.

ESCENA VI.

REBOLLEDO.—EL CAPITÁN, EL SARGENTO.

REBOLLEDO.

La justicia aquí se ha entrado.

CAPITÁN.

¿ Qué tiene que ver conmigo 370
Justicia ordinaria ?

REBOLLEDO.

Digo
Que ahora hasta aquí ha llegado.

CAPITÁN.

Nada me puede a mí estar
Mejor. Llegando a saber
Que estoy aquí, no hay temer 375
A la gente del lugar ;
Que la justicia, es forzoso
Remitirme en esta tierra
A mi consejo de guerra :
Con que, aunque el lance es penoso, 380
Tengo mi seguridad.

REBOLLEDO.

Sin duda, se ha querellado
El villano.

CAPITÁN.

Eso he pensado.

ESCENA VII.

CRESPO, EL ESCRIBANO, LABRADORES.—DICHOS.

CRESPO. (*Dentro.*)
Todas las puertas tomad,
Y no me salga de aquí 385
Soldado que aquí estuviere;
Y al que salirse quisiere,
Matadle.

CAPITÁN.
Pues ¿cómo así
Entráis? (*Ap.*) Mas ¡qué es lo que veo!
(*Sale Pedro Crespo, con vara, y labradores.*)

CRESPO.
¿Cómo no? A mi parecer, 390
La justicia ¿ha menester
Más licencia?

CAPITÁN.
A lo que creo,
La justicia (cuando vos
De ayer acá lo seáis)
No tiene, si lo miráis, 395
Que ver conmigo.

CRESPO.
Por Dios,
Señor, que no os alteréis;
Que sólo a una diligencia
Vengo, con vuestra licencia,
Aquí, y que solo os quedéis 400
Importa.

CAPITÁN. (*Al Sargento y a Rebolledo.*)
Salíos de aquí.

CRESPO. (*A los labradores.*)
Salíos vosotros también.
(*Ap. al Escribano.*)
Con esos soldados ten
Gran cuidado.

ESCRIBANO.
Harélo así.
(*Vanse los labradores, el Sargento, Rebolledo y el Escribano.*)

ESCENA VIII.

CRESPO, EL CAPITÁN.

CRESPO.

Ya que yo, como justicia, 405
Me valí de su respeto
Para obligaros a oirme,
La vara a esta parte dejo,
Y como un hombre, no más
Deciros mis penas quiero; 410
(*Arrima la vara.*)
Y puesto que estamos solos,
Señor Don Alvaro, hablemos
Más claramente los dos,
Sin que tantos sentimientos
Como han estado encerrados 415
En las cárceles del pecho
Acierten a quebrantar
Las prisiones del silencio.
Yo soy un hombre de bien,
Que a escoger mi nacimiento, 420
No dejara (es Dios testigo)
Un escrúpulo, un defecto
En mí, que suplir pudiera
La ambición de mi deseo.,
Siempre acá entre mis iguales 425
Me he tratado con respeto:
De mí hacen estimación
El cabildo y el concejo.
Tengo muy bastante hacienda,
Porque no hay, gracias al cielo, 430
Otro labrador más rico
En todos aquestos pueblos
De la comarca; mi hija
Se ha criado, a lo que pienso,
Con la mejor opinión, 435
Virtud y recogimiento
Del mundo: tal madre tuvo:
Téngala Dios en el cielo.
Bien pienso que bastará,
Señor, para abono desto, 440
El ser rico, y no haber quien

Me murmure; ser modesto,
Y no haber quien me baldone;
Y mayormente, viviendo
En un lugar corto, donde 445
Otra falta no tenemos
Más que saber unos de otros
Las faltas y los defectos,
Y ¡pluguiera a Dios, señor,
Que se quedara en saberlos! 450
Si es muy hermosa mi hija,
Díganlo vuestros extremos. . . . .
Aunque pudiera, al decirlo,
Con mayores sentimientos
Llorarlo porque esto fué 455
Mi desdicha.—No apuremos
Toda la ponzoña al vaso;
Quédese algo al sufrimiento.
—No hemos de dejar, señor,
Salirse con todo al tiempo; 460
Algo hemos de hacer nosotros
Para encubrir sus defectos.
Este, ya veis si es bien grande,
Pues aunque encubrirle quiero,
No puedo; que sabe Dios 465
Que a poder estar secreto
Y sepultado en mí mismo,
No viniera a lo que vengo;
Que todo esto remitiera,
Por no hablar, al sufrimiento. 470
Deseando pues remediar
Agravio tan manifiesto,
Buscar remedio a mi afrenta,
Es venganza, no es remedio;
Y vagando de uno en otro, 475
Uno solamente advierto,
Que a mí me está bien, y a vos,
No mal; y es, que desde luego
Os toméis toda mi hacienda,
Sin que para mi sustento 480
Ni el de mi hijo (a quien yo)
Traeré a echar a los piés vuestros)
Reserve un maravedí

Sino quedarnos pidiendo
Limosna, cuando no haya 485
Otro camino, otro medio
Con que poder sustentarnos.
Y si queréis desde luego
Poner una S y un clavo
Hoy a los dos y vendernos, 490
Será aquesta cantidad
Más del dote que os ofrezco.
Restaurad una opinión
Que habéis quitado. No creo
Que desluzcáis vuestro honor, 495
Porque los merecimientos
Que vuestros hijos, señor,
Perdieren por ser mis nietos,
Ganarán con más ventaja,
Señor, por ser hijos vuestros. 500
En Castilla, el refrán dice
Que el caballo (y es lo cierto)
Lleva la silla.—Mirad (*De rodillas.*)
Que a vuestros piés os lo ruego
De rodillas, y llorando 505
Sobre estas canas, que el pecho,
Viendo nieve y agua, piensa
Que se me están derritiendo.
¿Qué os pido? Un honor os pido,
Que me quitasteis vos mesmo; 510
Y con ser mío, parece,
Según os le estoy pidiendo
Con humildad, que no es mío
Lo que os pido, sino vuestro.
Mirad que puedo tomarle 515
Por mis manos, y no quiero,
Sino que vos me le deis.

CAPITÁN.

Ya me falta el sufrimiento.
Viejo cansado y prolijo,
Agradeced que no os doy 520
La muerte a mis manos hoy,
Por vos y por vuestro hijo;
Porque quiero que debáis

No andar con vos más cruel
A la beldad de Isabel. 525
Si vengar solicitáis
Por armas vuestra opinión,
Poco tengo que temer ;
Si por justicia ha de ser,
No tenéis jurisdicción. 530

CRESPO.

¿ Que, en fin, no os mueve mi llanto ?

CAPITÁN.

Llanto no se ha de creer
De viejo, niño y mujer.

CRESPO.

¡ Que no pueda dolor tanto
Mereceros un consuelo ! 535

CAPITÁN.

¿ Qué más consuelo queréis,
Pues con la vida volvéis ?

CRESPO.

Mirad que echado en el suelo,
Mi honor a voces os pido.

CAPITÁN.

¡ Qué enfado !

CRESPO.

Mirad que soy 540
Alcalde en Zalamea hoy.

CAPITÁN.

Sobre mí no habéis tenido
Jurisdicción : el consejo
De guerra enviará por mí.

CRESPO.

¿ En eso os resolvéis ? 545

CAPITÁN.

Sí,
Caduco y cansado viejo.

CRESPO.

¿ No hay remedio ?

CAPITÁN.

Sí, el callar
Es el mejor para vos.

CRESPO.

¿ No otro ?

CAPITÁN.

No.

CRESPO.

Pues juro a Dios,
Que me lo habéis de pagar.— 550
Hola ! (*Levántase y toma la vara.*)

ESCENA IX.

LABRADORES.—CRESPO, EL CAPITÁN.

UN LABRADOR. (*Dentro.*)

¡ Señor !

CAPITÁN. (*Ap.*)

¿ Qué querrán
Estos villanos hacer ?
(*Salen los labradores.*)

LABRADORES.

¿ Qué es lo que mandas ?

CRESPO.

Prender
Mando al señor Capitán.

CAPITÁN.

¡ Buenos son vuestros extremos ! 555
Con un hombre como yo,
Y en servicio del Rey, no
Se puede hacer.

CRESPO.

Probaremos.
De aquí, si no es preso o muerto,
No saldréis.

CAPITÁN.

Yo os apercibo 560
Que soy un capitán vivo.

CRESPO.

¿ Soy yo acaso alcalde muerto ?
Daos al instante a prisión.

CAPITÁN.

No me puedo defender :
Fuerza es dejarme prender. 565
Al Rey desta sinrazón
Me quejaré.

CRESPO.

Yo también
De esotra :—y aun bien que está
Cerca de aquí, y nos oirá
A los dos.—Dejar es bien 570
Esa espada.

CAPITÁN.

No es razón
Que. . . .

CRESPO.

¿ Cómo no, si vais preso ?

CAPITÁN.

Tratad con respeto. . . . .

CRESPO.

Eso
Está muy puesto en razón.
Con respeto le llevad 575
A las casas, en efeto,
Del concejo ; y con respeto
Un par de grillos le echad
Y una cadena ; y tened,
Con respeto, gran cuidado 580
Que no hable a ningún soldado ;
Y a esos dos también poned
En la cárcel, que es razón
Y aparte, porque después,
Con respeto, a todos tres 585

Les tomen la confesión.
Y aquí, para entre los dos,
Si hallo harto paño, en efeto,
Con muchísimo respeto
Os he de ahorcar, juro a Dios. 590

CAPITÁN.

¡ Ah villanos con poder !
(*Vanse los labradores con el Capitán.*)

ESCENA X.

REBOLLEDO, LA CHISPA, EL ESCRIBANO. —CRESPO.

ESCRIBANO.

Este paje, este soldado
Son a los que mi cuidado
Sólo ha podido prender ;
Que otro se puso en huida. 595

CRESPO.

Este el pícaro es que canta :
Con un paso de garganta
No ha de hacer otro en su vida.

REBOLLEDO.

¿ Pues qué delito es, señor,
El cantar ?

CRESPO.

Que es virtud siento, 600
Y tanto, que un instrumento
Tengo en que cantéis mejor.
Resolveos a decir. . . .

REBOLLEDO.

¿ Qué ?

CRESPO.

Cuanto anoche pasó. . . . .

REBOLLEDO.

Tu hija mejor que yo 605
Lo sabe.

CRESPO.
O has de morir.

CHISPA. (*Ap. a él.*)
Rebolledo, determina
Negarlo punto por punto:
Serás, si niegas, asunto
Para una jacarandina 610
Que cantaré.

CRESPO.
A vos después
También os harán cantar.

CHISPA.
A mí no me pueden dar
Tormento.

CRESPO.
Sepamos, pues,
¿Por qué?

CHISPA.
Eso es cosa asentada, 615
Y que no hay ley que tal mande.

CRESPO.
¿Qué causa tenéis?

CHISPA.
Bien grande.

CRESPO.
Decid, ¿cuál?

CHISPA.
Estoy preñada.

CRESPO.
¿Hay cosa más atrevida?
Mas la cólera me inquieta. 620
¿No sois paje de jineta?

CHISPA.
No, señor, sino de brida.

CRESPO.
Resolveos a decir
Vuestros dichos.

CHISPA.

Sí diremos
Aun más de lo que sabemos; 625
Que peor será morir.

CRESPO.

Eso excusará a los dos
Del tormento.

CHISPA.

Si es así,
Pues para cantar nací
He de cantar, vive Dios. 630
(*Canta.*) *Tormento me quieren dar.*

REBOLLEDO. (*Canta.*)

¿ *Y qué quieren darme a mi* ?

CRESPO.

¿ Qué hacéis ?

CHISPA.

Templar desde aquí,
Pues que vamos a cantar. (*Vanse.*)

Sala en casa de Crespo.

ESCENA XI.

JUAN.

Desde que al traidor herí 635
En el monte, desde que
Riñendo con él (porque
Llegaron tantos) volví
La espalda, el monte he corrido,
La espesura he penetrado, 640
Y a mi hermana no he encontrado.
En efecto, me he atrevido
A venirme hasta el lugar
Y entrar dentro de mi casa,
Donde todo lo que pasa 645
A mi padre he de contar.
Veré lo que me aconseja
Que haga ¡ cielos ! en favor
De mi vida y de mi honor.

ESCENA XII.

INÉS, ISABEL, *muy triste.*—JUAN.

INÉS.

Tanto sentimiento deja ; 650
Que vivir tan afligida,
No es vivir, matarte es.

ISABEL.

¿ Pues quién te ha dicho ¡ ay Inés !
Que no aborrezco la vida ?

JUAN.

Diré a mi padre . . . (*Ap.* ¡ Ay de mí ! 655
¿ No es ésta Isabel ? Es llano.
Pues ¿ qué espero ?) (*Saca la daga.*)

INÉS.

¡ Primo !

ISABEL.

¡ Hermano !
¿ Qué intentas ?

JUAN.

Vengar así
La ocasión en que hoy has puesto
Mi vida y mi honor.

ISABEL.

Advierte . . . 660

JUAN.

¡ Tengo de darte la muerte,
Viven los cielos !

ESCENA XIII.

CRESPO, LABRADORES.—DICHOS.

CRESPO.

¿ Qué es esto ?

JUAN.

Es satisfacer, señor,
Una injuria, y es vengar
Una ofensa y castigar. 665

CRESPO.

Basta, basta; que es error
Que os atreváis a venir. . . . .

JUAN.

¿Qué es lo que mirando estoy?

CRESPO.

Delante así de mí hoy,
Acabando ahora de herir 670
En el monte un capitán. . . .

JUAN.

Señor, si le hice esa ofensa,
Que fué en honrada defensa,
De tu honor. . . .

CRESPO.

Ea, basta, Juan.—
Hola, llevadle también 675
Preso.

JUAN.

¿A tu hijo, señor,
Tratas con tanto rigor?

CRESPO.

Y aun a mi padre también
Con tal rigor le tratara.
(*Ap.*) (Aquesto es asegurar 680
Su vida, y han de pensar
Que es la justicia más rara
Del mundo.)

JUAN.

Escucha por qué,
Habiendo un traidor herido,
A mi hermana he pretendido 685
Matar también.

CRESPO.

Ya lo sé;
Pero no basta sabello
Yo como yo; que ha de ser
Como alcalde, y he de hacer
Información sobre ello. 690
Y hasta que conste qué culpa
Te resulta del proceso,

Tengo de tenerte preso.
(*Ap.*) (Yo le hallaré la disculpa.)

JUAN.

Nadie entender solicita 695
Tu fin, pues sin honra ya,
Prendes a quien te la da,
Guardando a quien te la quita.
(*Llévanle preso.*)

ESCENA XIV.

CRESPO, ISABEL, INÉS.

CRESPO.

Isabel, entra a firmar
Esta querella que has dado 700
Contra aquel que te ha injuriado.

ISABEL.

Tú, que quisiste ocultar
La ofensa que el alma llora,
¡ Así intentas publicarla !
Pues no consigues vengarla. 705
Consigue el callarla ahora.

CRESPO.

No : ya que como quisiera
Me quita esta obligación
Satisfacer mi opinión,
Ha de ser desta manera. (*Vase Isabel.*) 710
Inés, pon ahí esa vara ;
Que pues por bien no ha querido
Ver el caso concluido,
Querrá por mal. (*Vase Inés.*)

ESCENA XV.

DON LOPE, SOLDADOS.—CRESPO.

DON LOPE. (*Dentro.*)

Pára, pára.

CRESPO.

¿ Qué es aquesto ? ¿ Quién, quién hoy 715
Se apea en mi casa así ?
Pero ¿ quién se ha entrado aquí ?
(*Salen Don Lope y soldados.*)

DON LOPE.

¡ Oh Pedro Crespo ! Yo soy ;
Que volviendo a este lugar
De la mitad del camino 720
(Donde me trae, imagino,
Un grandísimo pesar),
No era bien ir a apearme
A otra parte, siendo vos
Tan amigo.

CRESPO.

Guárdeos Dios ; 725
Que siempre tratáis de honrarme.

DON LOPE.

Vuestro hijo no ha parecido
Por allá.

CRESPO.

Presto sabréis
La ocasión : la que tenéis,
Señor, de haberos venido, 730
Me haced merced de contar ;
Que venís mortal, señor.

DON LOPE.

La desvergüenza es mayor
Que se puede imaginar.
Es el mayor desatino, 735
Que hombre ninguno intentó.
Un soldado me alcanzó
Y me dijo en el camino. . . .
—Que estoy perdido, os confieso,
De cólera.

CRESPO.

Proseguí. 740

DON LOPE.

Que un alcaldillo de aquí
Al Capitán tiene preso.—
Y ¡ vive Dios ! no he sentido
En toda aquesta jornada
Esta pierna excomulgada, 745

Sino es hoy, que me ha impedido
El haber antes llegado
Donde el castigo le dé.
¡ Vive Jesucristo, que
Al grande desvergonzado 750
A palos le he de matar !

CRESPO.

Pues habéis venido en balde,
Porque pienso que el alcalde
No se los dejará dar.

DON LOPE.

Pues dárselos, sin que deje 755
Dárselos.

CRESPO.

Malo lo veo ;
Ni que haya en el mundo creo
Quien tan mal os aconseje.
¿ Sabéis por qué le prendió ?

DON LOPE.

No ; mas sea lo que fuere,
Justicia la parte espere 760
De mí, que también sé yo
Degollar, si es necesario.

CRESPO.

Vos no debéis de alcanzar,
Señor, lo que en un lugar 765
Es un alcalde ordinario.

DON LOPE.

¿ Será más que un villanote ?

CRESPO.

Un villanote será,
Que si cabezudo da
En que ha de darle garrote, 770
Par Dios, se salga con ello.

DON LOPE.

No se saldrá tal, par Dios ;
Y si por ventura vos,
Si sale o no, queréis vello,
Decid dónde vive o no. 775

CRESPO.
Bien cerca vive de aquí.

DON LOPE.
Pues a decirme vení
Quién es el alcalde.

CRESPO.
Yo.

DON LOPE.
¡ Vive Dios, que si sospecho ! . . .

CRESPO.
¡ Vive Dios, como os lo he dicho ! 780

DON LOPE.
Pues, Crespo, lo dicho dicho.

CRESPO.
Pues, señor, lo hecho hecho.

DON LOPE.
Yo por el preso he venido,
Y a castigar este exceso.

CRESPO.
Pues yo acá le tengo preso 785
Por lo que acá ha sucedido.

DON LOPE.
¿ Vos sabéis que a servir pasa
Al Rey, y soy su juez yo ?

CRESPO.
¿ Vos sabéis que me robó
A mi hija de mi casa ? 790

DON LOPE.
¿ Vos sabéis que mi valor
Dueño desta ha sido ?

CRESPO.
¿ Vos sabéis cómo atrevido
Robó en un monte mi honor ?

DON LOPE.

¿ Vos sabéis cuánto os prefiere 795
El cargo que he gobernado ?

CRESPO.

¿ Vos sabéis que le he rogado
Con la paz y no la quiere ?

DON LOPE.

Que os entráis, es bien se arguya,
En otra jurisdicción. 800

CRESPO.

El se me entró en mi opinión,
Sin ser jurisdicción suya.

DON LOPE.

Yo sabré satisfacer,
Obligándome a la paga.

CRESPO.

Jamas pedí a nadie que haga 805
Lo que yo me puedo hacer.

DON LOPE.

Yo me he de llevar el preso.
Ya estoy en ello empeñado.

CRESPO.

Yo por acá he sustanciado
El proceso.

DON LOPE.

¿ Qué es proceso ? 810

CRESPO.

Unos pliegos de papel
Que voy juntando, en razón
De hacer la averiguación
De la causa.

DON LOPE.

Iré por él
A la cárcel.

CRESPO.

No embarazo 815
Que vais, sólo se repare,
Que hay orden, que al que llegare
Le den un arcabuzazo.

DON LOPE.

Como esas balas estoy
Enseñado yo a esperar. 820
(Mas no se ha de aventurar
Nada en esta acción de hoy.)
Hola, soldado, id volando,
Y a todas las compañías
Que alojadas estos días 825
Han estado y van marchando,
Decid que bien ordenadas
Lleguen aquí en escuadrones,
Con balas en los cañones
Y con las cuerdas caladas. 830

UN SOLDADO.

No fué menester llamar
La gente; que habiendo oído
Aquesto que ha sucedido,
Se han entrado en el lugar.

DON LOPE.

Pues vive Dios, que he de ver 835
Si me dan el preso o no.

CRESPO.

Pues vive Dios, que antes yo
Haré lo que se ha de hacer.
(*Vanse.*)

Sala de la cárcel.

ESCENA XVI.

DON LOPE, EL ESCRIBANO, SOLDADOS, CRESPO, *todos dentro.*
(*Suenan cajas.*)

DON LOPE.

Esta es la cárcel, soldados,
Adonde está el Capitán. 840

Si no os le dan, al momento
Poned fuego y la abrasad,
Y si se pone en defensa
El lugar, todo el lugar.

ESCRIBANO.

Ya, aunque la cárcel enciendan, 845
No han de darle libertad.

SOLDADOS.

Mueran aquestos villanos.

CRESPO.

¿ Que mueran ? Pues ¡ qué ! ¿ no hay más ?

DON LOPE.

Socorro les ha venido.
Romped la cárcel : llegad, 850
Romped la puerta.

ESCENA XVII.

Salen los SOLDADOS Y DON LOPE *por un lado : y por otro* EL REY, CRESPO, LABRADORES Y ACOMPAÑAMIENTO.

REY.

¿ Qué es esto ?
Pues ¡ desta manera estáis,
Viniendo yo !

DON LOPE.

Esta es, señor,
La mayor temeridad
De un villano, que vió el mundo ; 855
Y, vive Dios, que a no entrar
En el lugar tan aprisa,
Señor, vuestra Majestad,
Que había de hallar luminarias,
Puestas por todo el lugar. 860

REY.

¿ Qué ha sucedido ?

DON LOPE.

Un alcalde
Ha prendido un capitán,
Y viniendo yo por él,
No le quieren entregar.

REY.

¿ Quién es el alcalde ?

CRESPO.

Yo. 865

REY.

¿ Y qué disculpa me dais ?

CRESPO.

Este proceso, en quien bien
Probado el delito está,
Digno de muerte, por ser
Una doncella robar, 870
Forzarla en un despoblado,
Y no quererse casar
Con ella, habiendo su padre
Rogádole con la paz.

DON LOPE.

Este es el alcalde, y es 875
Su padre.

CRESPO.

No importa en tal
Caso, porque si un extraño
Se viniera a querellar,
¿ No habría de hacer justicia ?
Sí : pues ¿ qué más se me da 880
Hacer por mi hija lo mismo
Que hiciera por los demás ?
Fuera de que, como he preso
Un hijo mío, es verdad
Que no escuchara a mi hija, 885
Pues era la sangre igual. . . .
Mírese si está bien hecha

La causa, miren si hay
Quien diga que yo haya hecho
En ella alguna maldad, 890
Si he inducido algún testigo,
Si está escrito algo de más
De lo que he dicho, y entonces
Me den muerte.

REY.

Bien está
Sentenciado; pero vos 895
No tenéis autoridad
De ejecutar la sentencia
Que toca a otro tribunal.
Allá hay justicia, y así
Remitid el preso.

CRESPO.

Mal 900
Podré, señor, remitirle,
Porque como por acá
No hay más que sola una audiencia,
Cualquiera sentencia que hay,
La ejecuta ella, y así 905
Está ejecutada ya.

REY.

¿Qué decís?

CRESPO.

Si no creéis
Que es esto, señor, verdad,
Volved los ojos, y vedlo.
Aqueste es el Capitán. 910

(*Abren una puerta, y aparece dado garrote en una silla el Capitán.*)

REY.

Pues ¿cómo así os atrevisteis? . . .

CRESPO.

Vos habéis dicho que está
Bien dada aquesta sentencia:
Luego esto no está hecho mal.

REY.

El consejo ¿ no supiera 915
La sentencia ejecutar ?

CRESPO.

Toda la justicia vuestra
Es sólo un cuerpo no más :
Si este tiene muchas manos,
Decid, ¿ qué más se me da 920
Matar con aquesta un hombre,
Que estotra había de matar ?
Y ¿ qué importa errar lo menos,
Quien ha acertado lo más ?

REY.

Pues ya que aquesto es así, 925
¿ Por qué, como a capitán
Y caballero, no hicisteis
Degollarle ?

CRESPO.

¿ Eso dudáis ?
Señor, como los hidalgos
Viven tan bien por acá, 930
El verdugo que tenemos,
No ha aprendido a degollar.
Y esa es querella del muerto,
Que toca a su autoridad,
Y hasta que él mismo se queje, 935
No les toca a los demas.

REY.

Don Lope, aquesto ya es hecho.
Bien dada la muerte está ;
Que errar lo menos no importa,
Si acertó lo principal. 940
Aquí no quede soldado
Alguno, y haced marchar
Con brevedad ; que me importa
Llegar presto a Portugal.—
Vos, por alcalde perpetuo 945
De aquesta villa os quedad.

CRESPO.

Sólo vos a la justicia
Tanto supieráis honrar.
(*Vase el Rey y el acompañamiento.*)

DON LOPE.

Agradeced al buen tiempo
Que llegó su majestad. 950

CRESPO.

Por Dios, aunque no llegara
No tenía remedio ya.

DON LOPE.

¿No fuera mejor hablarme,
Dando el preso, y remediar
El honor de vuestra hija? 955

CRESPO.

En un convento entrará;
Que ha elegido y tiene esposo,
Que no mira en calidad.

DON LOPE.

Pues dadme los demás presos.

CRESPO.

Al momento los sacad. 960
(*Vase el Escribano.*)

ESCENA XVIII.

REBOLLEDO, LA CHISPA; SOLDADOS; *después*, JUAN.—DON LOPE, CRESPO, SOLDADOS Y LABRADORES.

DON LOPE.

Vuestro hijo falta, porque
Siendo mi soldado ya,
No ha de quedar preso.

CRESPO.

Quiero
También, señor, castigar
El desacato que tuvo 965

De herir a su capitán;
Que aunque es verdad que su honor
A esto le pudo obligar,
De otra manera pudiera. . . .

DON LOPE.

Pedro Crespo, bien está. 970
Llamadle.

CRESPO.

Ya él está aquí.
(*Sale Juan.*)

JUAN.

Las plantas, señor, me dad;
Que a ser vuestro esclavo iré.

REBOLLEDO.

Yo no pienso ya cantar
En mi vida.

CHISPA.

Pues yo sí, 975
Cuantas veces a mirar
Llegue el pasado instrumento.

CRESPO.

Con que fin el autor da
A esta historia verdadera:
Sus defectos perdonad. 980

———

NOTES.

Alcalde de Zalamea : The Spanish towns early obtained their charters and *fueros* with the right of electing their mayors and the members of the town-council (*regidores*). Gradually the king encroached upon these rights, and appointed in each town a governor to represent him (*corregidor* or *regidor*), obtaining also considerable control over the town-councils.

Zalamea is a small town in Extremadura, between Guadalupe and Llerena. It existed as a Roman municipium in the Punic War, and has an old church tower belonging to the reign of Trajan.

ACT I.

L. 1. *Cuerpo de Cristo :* an expression as frequent as the Elizabethan "Odsbodikins" or the French "Corbleu." It has here lost its original meaning, and is used as a curse with *con* and a pronoun.

L. 3. *Lugar :* Zalamea is usually spoken of as a *villa*. A *lugar* is a small place, less than a *villa* and greater than an *aldea*.

L. 20. *Es cierto :* on which depend *Llegar*, *responderles* and *a obedecer*.

Ls. 34 and 35. *Orden :* one of the many puns that occur in this play. In l. 34 it means a command, and in the following one a monastic order. The monastic orders were very rich, and the quartermaster, says Rebolledo, will fare like one of these, and he himself like a mendicant friar.

L. 39. *Desea :* used impersonally : "It is desired that."

L. 58. *Sin fulminar el proceso :* without much ado. Lit., "Without a long trial."

L. 64. *Tras la persona :* after myself.

Ls. 65 and 66. *Seor* and *Voacé :* "Seor" is a contraction of *Señor* and *Voacé* the modern *Usted*, a corruption of *Vuestra merced*. Various other forms are found in Calderon, *e.g.*, *Vustedes*, *Vuecé*, *Vussé*, *Oacé*, *Uced*, etc.

L. 68. *Barbada el alma : i.e.*, with the soul of a man. Vigorous women, whether good or bad, are frequently found in Spanish literature. Quixote's Dulcinea could fling a crowbar "like the lustiest lad in all the town."

L. 80. *Mesa franca con el mes :* The play upon the words *Mesa* and *Mes*, here = servants' wages, is obvious. Wages were small, and perquisites helped to supply deficiencies.

L. 95. *Responda :* Chispa jestingly makes use here of legal phraseology.

L. 101. *Yo soy titiri*, etc. : A song full of rough gaiety and war-weariness ; it is probably not of Calderon's own invention.

L. 102. *Jacarandina :* a merry song on the exploits of knaves.

L. 105. *Alférez :* lieutenant or ensign, a word of Arabic origin. It was the Alférez's duty to assist the Captain in the raising of recruits.

L. 146. *Guadalupe :* at the foot of the Sierra of Guadalupe, and on the river of the same name. Alfonso the Learned founded here a cloister, which contained a much-revered picture of the Virgin, to which many pilgrimages were made.

L. 147. *Tercio :* this was the famous *tercio de Flándes.* A *tercio* originally consisted of twelve companies of 500 men ; this was once the *third* of the military population, hence its name, according to Krenkel. (See his note on this line in " Klassische Bühnendichtungen.")

L. 171. *León :* the most ancient province of Spain and the first to shake off the Moorish yoke.

L. 187. *Hay mas bien gastado rato.* etc. *:* " Is there a better pastime " seems to be the meaning of this, though McColl suggests " Can there be a daintier morsel."

L. 193. *En toda mi vida,* etc. : the neg. is omitted in expressions denoting time. The contempt here shown for peasant girls prepares the reader for that which follows.

L. 214. *Flaco rocinante :* " Lean hack." The horse *Rocinante* plays a prominent part in Don Quixote. From the publication of the first part of the famous book in 1605 there are constant allusions to it.

L. 236. *Cálzome :* " Vistome " D. Mendo tries to hide the fact that he has had no dinner by keeping indoors till three o'clock. He has with him his toothpick (*palillo*), to keep up the appearance of having dined. It is placed in the hat or fastened to a chain round the neck. Cervantes jests about the same device (see Don Quixote, II., C. 44).

L. 262. *Ejecutoria :* a patent of nobility, by virtue of which D. Mendo is exempted from the necessity of billeting soldiers.

L. 279. *Los principios :* the puns are obvious. *Antes* is the first course of a meal, *Principios* the chief one, and *Postres* the dessert.

L. 283. *Mesa divina :* " divine " because it has no beginning, middle or end.

L. 329. *Un hombre llano :* " a man of the people." *Llano* also means flat ; something, therefore, which gives no occasion for stumbling. The quarrels between fathers and sons-in-law were proverbial.

L. 337. *Huelgas :* A summer residence for the kings of Castile, until converted by Alfonso VIII. in 1187 into a convent for royal and noble ladies. The Abbess as *Señora de horca y cuchillo* had the power of life and death.

L. 345. *Con él a la mesa:* Nuño alludes to the passage where Don Quixote says to Sancho, "Hazlo que tu amo te manda y siéntate con él a la mesa." (See Don Quixote, II., C. 29.)

L. 349. *Di que por el bello*, etc.: A good example of the inflated style of the period. Calderon is making fun of the *estilo culto.*

L. 380. *En mi casa:* At or outside my house, which Mendo never entered.

L. 397. *Mantenedor:* It was the part of a Mantanedor to maintain a cause against any challenger who presented himself. Inés puns on the word, and mocks at the Squire's inability to maintain himself.

L. 400. *Las hermosuras*, etc.: "Beautiful women are victorious in all they will."

L. 405. *Hidalgote:* the dimin. expresses contempt; so too does *fantasma*, a few lines below="This poor ghost of a squireen."

L. 412. *Frente:* this word probably did not exist in the original; the meaning is in any case obscure.

L. 423. *De donde bueno:* "bueno" is used in questions by way of courtesy, as a hope, that is, that the path will be one of blessing.

L. 430. *Quilate:* "carat." The 24th part of an ounce—a word of Arabic origin.

L. 445. *La pelota:* a game of ball, played either like tennis in covered courts, or, as in country towns and villages, out-of-doors.

L. 458. *Opinión:* used here in the sense of "reputation."

L. 462. *No has de darle consejo:* a reference, says McColl, to the proverb, "Dineros y no consejos."

L. 490. *Limpio linaje:* The peasants boasted a much more unmixed descent than the nobles, who, as said elsewhere, had intermarried with the Jews. In this honest pride of Crespo's the influence of Lope de Vega is seen.

L. 513. *Enmendar su vejación:* the infinitive depends on *hace* understood. "What does he do for himself?" "He does this, that he makes himself more comfortable" (*Vejación*=discomfort).

L. 582. *Villanchón:* the augmentative expresses contempt ="clodpole."

L. 597. *Industria:* used here in the sense of trick, device.

L. 624. *Juego del boliche:* a game of bowls or pigeon holes. Rebolledo wants to be made *roulette-master* or *Bolichero.* This latter had the right of presiding over the game in his regiment, and of claiming a small payment from each player.

L. 664. *La bengala:* a silver-headed Bengal cane, carried by captains, as a mark of their rank.

L. 670. *El hizo de las suyas:* "He's been at his old game again"—a slang expression.

L. 708-9. *Ponéis en obligación nuestras vidas:* "You bind us to you for all our life."

L. 713. *Cobrar la deuda :* " require payment of the debt." The meaning of the whole is : " Do not, after doing me a kindness, demand payment for it (by seeking my love)."

L. 726. *Muy noble . . . enojos :* " You are indeed noble (ironic) since thus quickly passes your wrath."

L. 729. *Quien nació con obligaciones : i.e.,* " to whom noblesse oblige."

L. 735. *Vive el cielo :* This speech down to " Bien, señor " probably belongs to Crespo. (See Krenkel's note on this line.)

L. 767. *Que opinión tiene,* etc. : Note the Captain's insolent contempt of the peasantry. The whole play tends to show that the honour of a churl is as sacred as that of a prince.

L. 776. *Ojo, avizor :* " Keep your eye open, watchman ! "—a slang phrase.

L. 783. *Se las tenía,* etc. : " the boy was holding his own with the best of them."

L. 815. *Tratos de cuerda :* handcuffs. The man under punishment had his hands fastened behind him with a cord. He was then hoisted up with a pulley and brought down with a jerk.

L. 834. *Echa un bando :* " publish an edict." This is said from the window to the drummer below.

L. 871. *Con mi hacienda :* This is a famous passage, and like Scott's " My castles are my king's alone."

L. 894. *No haremos migas :* " we shall never get on together." " Hacer buenas migas " = " to get on with." Ford tells us that the labourers received bread, oil and vinegar, of which they made their " migas," *i.e.,* crumbs mixed with these condiments.

ACT II.

L. 33. *Reformar :* reduce in number or discharge.

L. 42. *No es amor,* etc. : *No es amor solo sino que es tema* is the full form. In this short scene there is a contrast between the Captain's mad passion, more than half compounded of obstinacy, and the craven hesitations of the Squire.

L. 55. *Azulejo :* Many old houses still show their coats-of-arms on a glazed tile (*azulejo*) over the doorway. In the reign of Philip II. the country gentry were no longer wearing armour.

L. 75. *En un día :* These rhetorical outbursts with frequent repetitions of the same phrase are characteristic of the poet, though they occur but seldom in the *Alcalde.*

L. 88. *Selva.* It is possible that Calderon imagines the castle which in one day becomes a mere crag, to be in a forest.

L. 112. *La mas reformada pieza :* " the most antiquated firearm," as McColl has suggested.

L. 137. *Alcaida del boliche :* "gaming-house mistress." "Alcaida" is a word coined by Rebolledo.

L. 161. *Sobre hacerme*, etc.: "on a question of charging me with sharp play." *Hacer alicantina* is a slang expression, from *Alicante*, a place notorious in Calderon's time for the craft of its inhabitants.

L. 162. *Barato:* money given by the successful gambler to those who had served him; the *barato* was a fruitful source of strife.

L. 168. *Poniéndose en puntos:* having his wound stitched up.

L. 177. *Música más fundada:* "Music more melting," that is, the softer kind suitable for a serenade.

L. 190. *Estancia:* a resting place. A word much used by the poet in speaking of gardens, mountains or rocks.

L. 193. *El viento suave:* Spanish literature is rich in descriptions of lovely gardens in their evening freshness. These pretty flowers of speech of the *estilo culto* ill suit the honest Crespo.

L. 210. *Esa dolencia:* Don Lope's gouty leg.

L. 221. *Os debió de enajenar de vos:* "Made you forget yourself," or "rather upset your good manners" (Fitzgerald).

L. 231. *Todo erais reniegos*, etc.: "You were all blasphemies and curses." *Pesias* is derived from "pese a," used with a pronoun.

L. 258. *Treinta años:* Don Lope exaggerates the time he spent in Flanders, which was in reality quite a short time.

L. 273. *Jesus mil veces:* a cry of pain.

L. 305. *Ladino:* "a sly dog": from *Latino*="learned," "clever," or "sly."

L. 325. *Religión:* "a religious order." *Estrecha*=strict.

L. 328. *Fuérades*, etc.: "Would you like to follow it?" "If I might be at your Excellency's side" (Fitzgerald). The old forms as in *Fuérades* are often retained in Calderon.

L. 337. *Las flores del Romero:* The song is by Gongora, and the first verse is thus translated by Fitzgerald:

Ah for the red spring rose
  Down in the garden growing,
Fading as fast as it blows,
  Who shall arrest its going?
Peep from thy window and tell,
  Fairest of flowers, Isabel.

L. 361. *Arroja la silla:* In this scene, as elsewhere, Crespo makes a point of following Don Lope's lead.

L. 388. *Haciendo la deshecha:* "dissimulating."

L. 390. *Con guitarras:* The favourite instrument for a serenade, for which the half-opened window was a sign of encouragement.

L. 402. *Un jinete de la costa:* a knight who guarded the coast, chiefly against the Moors.

L. 421. *Andar en pena :* to be in purgatory. Sinful souls were supposed to haunt certain places as punishment for their sins.

L. 422. *Cañas :* a famous Moorish game, played on horseback. The *caña* was about a yard and a half in length, and an inch in diameter. As he turned his horse its owner hurled it at his opponent. " Las cañas se vuelven lanzas " was a proverbial expression, because of the hard blows given and the fierce quarrels that often resulted from them. (See McColl, p. 315.)

L. 427. *Erase . . . jaque :* " there was once." *Jaque* is a ruffian, as *rufo* in the next line also means in rogue's language.

L. 432. *No le culpen la fecha . . . lunes :* " don't blame him for the matter. It's the assonance that makes *lunes* a necessity." Calderon is fond of making jocular allusions to the restrictions of the verse.

L. 438. *Casa de las azumbres :* a wine-shop. *Azumbre* is an Arabic word for a liquid measure, and later was used for the wine itself.

L. 441. *Tejado abajo :* thorough-going, lit. " from roof downwards." *Rayo*=one with whom a word is a blow, lit. " a streak of lightning."

L. 442. *Nube :* In slang *nube* has the secondary meaning of cloak, hence the pun.

L. 444. *De tajo y revés sacude :* " He strikes with a cut and backhand blow," or, according to another reading, " a right and left blow."

L. 452. *Almagre :* " red ochre." A slang expression for blood.

L. 463. *Que no habías,* etc. : " why did you not say that you had to go out ? "

L. 474. *Estos extremos :* " those men in the rear."

L. 478. *Sin alboroto :* The Captain's subterfuges rouse Don Lope's suspicions.

L. 497. *La vida me has de costar :* Such ominous forebodings often occur in Calderon.

L. 528. *Figura :* in the masc. means " a foolish fellow."

L. 538. *Dádivas,* etc. : " I have scattered presents that she should help me in what I have at heart."

L. 561. *Que me va,* etc. : " My life, mark you, is at stake."

L. 581. *Si me ayuda quien :* he refers to the servant whom he has won over.

L. 596. *Si da conmigo,* etc. : " If the man should meet me, whom I sent to the barber to be sewn up."

L. 603. *Vestido no faltará :* " clothes won't be wanting. There are those of the runaway stable-boy. Chispa : Then I can pass muster for him." (*Plaza*=square or place for enrolling.)

L. 637. *Los siglos :* " El siglo," the world.

L. 638. *Ya que va perdiendo el sol:* It will be seen that 24 hours have elapsed since Don Lope's supper; on p. 59 we have an allusion to the dawn, and now the sun is again setting.

L. 650. *Venera:* this means a badge, order or, as here, a locket. It is a gift marking Don Lope's high esteem for the recipient. In his courtesy he calls it a mere *patena, i.e.*, a medal with some devotional image on it, much worn by peasants.

L. 680. *Que eráis loco de*, etc.: Crespo makes a jest instead of the compliment expected by Don Lope = "That you were at once as good as you are crazy."

L. 688. *Lo uno y lo otro*, etc.: A passage thus freely translated by Fitzgerald: "Bear both in mind, so as neither to be daunted from trying to rise, nor puffed up so as to be sure to fall."

L. 698. *Con recto juicio acordar:* "to conform to judgment." *Acordar* is no longer used thus.

L. 705. *Por humildes:* "por ser humildes."

L. 703. *Cuántos, teniendo*, etc.: "How many have done away the memory of a defect by carrying themselves modestly, while others again have gotten a blemish only by being too proud of being born without one." (Fitzgerald.)

L. 714. *El indio: i.e.*, Spanish America, as always in the 16th and 17th centuries.

L. 721. *No riñas por cualquier cosa:* the reckless spirit of duelling is a well-known feature of the period. "Beware of entrance to a quarrel," says also Polonius.

L. 757. *El que te vayas:* a construction frequently found in the 17th century.

L. 770. *El estío:* a word expressing the intensest summer heat. *Verano* is a less emphatic word, and sometimes means the period between spring and the dog-days.

L. 789. *Diz:* "it is said," a contraction of *dicitur*.

L. 822-3. *Del reñir, imagino . . . ropa:* an allusion to a proverb which is the title of one of Moreto's plays—"la gala del nadar es saber guardar la ropa," meaning that where danger is there's nothing like keeping out of it!

L. 841. *Quien tuviera una espada:* "Would that I had a sword!"

L. 872. *Mortal gemido: i.e.*, a groan as from a dying man.

L. 873. *Monte:* a word meaning here, as elsewhere, a forest in a mountainous region.

ACT III.

L. 3. *Sombra:* "lumbre" has been suggested as a better reading. See McColl's note on this line.

L. 17. *Trémulo imperio:* Her tremulous empire, because of the vague, uncertain light produced by the flickering stars.

L. 20. *Voluntaria y no precisa :* " voluntary and not forced." " For once assert thy voluntary power."

L. 46. *Luna :* the glass of a mirror. In Spanish poetry children are frequently spoken of as the mirrors, in which their parents see themselves.

L. 56. *Acrêdora,* etc. : lit., *increaser, i.e.,* if she does not return home her very innocence will add to the malice of the slanderous.

L. 85. *Atadas atrás,* etc. : Other examples are to be found in Calderon of dialogues in which the one speaker cuts short the other. See *La vida es sueño,* Act I., Scene vi., l. 580.

L. 102. *Fatigas :* the word here has the strong meaning of anguish or deep misery.

L. 105. *Para contarlas: Contar* has a wider meaning than *referir* : it tells by gestures or signs as well as by speech.

L. 133. *Intrincado, oculto monte :* this tangled forest with its hiding places.

L. 138. *Ajena de mí misma:* This means both " insane " and " belonging to others."

L. 154. *Si no el ruido, la noticia :* " if not the sound the reverberation of it."

L. 160. *O cruel, o vengativa:* The idea seems to be that the Moon is cruel or vengeful, because jealous of Isabel, who shines in the light of her own purity, while she herself only shines in the borrowed light of the Sun.

L. 177. *Querer sin el alma :* the same idea is expressed in *El pintor de su deshonra* (see Act III., Scene v., l. 65) :

. . . Es claro
Que no consigue quien no
Consigue el alma ; y es llano
Que una hermosura sin ella
Es como estatua de marmol . . .

L. 184. *Calle aqui la voz mía:* Calderon uses parentheses to express agitation or embarrassment. (See *El mágico prodigioso,* I., l. 757.)

L. 210. *Los favores más aprisa,* etc. : " Did ever favours come more quickly ? " meaning that help always comes too late.

L. 241. *Quiso asegundarle :* " was wishing to repeat it " is the probable meaning. *Asegundar* is also " to assist," but Juan would hardly bring help in this case.

L. 260. *Corrida discurrí :* " full speed I roamed."

L. 270. *El valor contra mi vida :* A line here seems to have been lost, and this has been inserted to replace it ; it has no real meaning.

L. 283—90. *A no haber* : the infin. with *a* is equal to *si* with the subjunctive = if there were not. " Sweet are the uses of adversity," thinks Pedro. The fine speech is thus rendered by

Fitzgerald : " God has chosen thus to temper the cup that prosperity might else have made too sweet. It is thus He writes instruction in our hearts."

L. 294. *Hacer diligencias exquisitas :* " make every effort." *Diligencia* = diligence or speed. *Hacer diligencia* = to endeavour.

L. 303. *Le está bien*, etc. : he does well to die of this wound, and thus escape a thousand worse.

L. 312. *Aqueste día :* The election had been made the evening before (see p. 71), but this refers to its formal proclamation.

L. 314. *Estrena de justicia :* " the first event or act of your office." *Estrena* also means (1) an act of initiation, (2) a first gift or (3) New Year's gift, cf., the French *Etrenne*.

L. 331. *Delinquir :* " do aught amiss." " How shall I dare myself outrage the law when I am made its keeper ? " (Fitzgerald.)

L. 347. *El padre alcalde :* a proverbial expression like our " To have a friend at court." The full form is : " El que tiene el padre Alcalde seguro va al juicio."

L. 357. *No fuera . . . desangrado :* " would you have liked to be left to bleed to death in the wood ? "

L. 368. *Apelar a las manos :* " to come to blows." *Apelar a las plantas,* " to run away."

L. 369. *La justicia :* " the officers of justice." *Justicia ordinaria* means " a civil tribunal."

L. 375. *No hay . . . gente :* because the authorities will protect him from the fury of the crowd.

L. 379. *Consejo de guerra :* The following passage occurs in Pellicer's *Avisos* : " No hay mañana que no amenezcan seis heridos o muertos por ladrones o soldados ; . . . tanto puede la confianza que tienen los soldados en el Consejo de Guerra."

L. 382. *Se ha querellado :* a legal expression, " has brought a complaint."

L. 386. *Que aquí estuviere :* " who may chance to be here."

L. 393. *Cuando . . . sedís :* " if indeed you've just been made so." *De ayer acá* = lit. " From yesterday onwards."

L. 398. *A una diligencia :* " on one matter " or " for one inquiry."

L. 405. *Como justicia :* " I, as officer of justice." *Justicia* in this sense is masculine.

L. 419. *Hombre de bien :* " an honest man," as in French.

L. 420—24. *A escoger . . . deseo :* " till last night I knew not, except perhaps my humble birth, a single thing fortune had left me to desire." (Fitzgerald.) *A escoger* = lit. had I to choose. (As before, *a* with infinitive used for *si* with subjunctive.)

L. 438. *Téngala Dios :* a pious wish, usually expressed when mentioning the dead.

L. 446. *Otra falta . . . saberlos :* " we have no worse fault than that of knowing our neighbours' weaknesses, and would to God, sir, that we went no further than that " (*i.e.*, without drawing on our imaginations).

L. 473. *Buscar remedio :* here means to avenge. This and the next line form a parenthesis.

L. 489. *Poner una S y un clavo :* an S with a nail was a badge of servitude, and was branded on the forehead. Slavery in seventeenth century Spain was confined to Moors and negroes, excepting the forced labour in the galleys, to which debtors often sold themselves.

L. 503. *El caballo lleva la silla :* " the horse (not the mare) carries the saddle," meaning that it is the father who gives the children his position.

L. 523-5. *Quiero . . . Isabel :* " it is my good pleasure that to Isabel's beauty you should owe my not treating you more harshly."

L. 561. *Un capitán vivo :* a captain on active service ; it also means " a captain thoroughly alive."

L. 578-9. *Grillos . . . cadena :* the *grillos* for the feet and the *cadena* for the hands.

L. 586. *Tomar la confesión :* the endeavour by gentle means to bring the accused to confession. Failing this came the rack.

L. 593. *Son a los que :* The preposition should have followed *los* : it is often thus transposed.

L. 597. *Paso de garganta :* a jocular expression for " hanging." In music it means a shake, hence Crespo's pun.

L. 621. *Paje de jineta :* Chispa is still in the disguise of the stable-boy ; she plays on the word *Jineta*. *Cabalgar a la jineta* = to ride with long stirrups, *cabalgar a la brida* with short ones.

L. 624. *Dichos :* depositions.

L. 668. *Qué . . . estoy :* He sees for the first time his father's staff of office.

L. 687. *No basta sabello yo como yo :* " it is not enough for me to know it in my private capacity." *Sabello*, the archaic form of *saberlo*, as on p. 102 *vello* for *verlo*.

L. 695—8. *Nadie . . . quita :* a reply to certain lines which have apparently been lost.

L. 707—11. *Ya que . . . manera :* " As this my obligation (pointing to his staff) hinders me from satisfying my honour as I would (*i.e.*, by killing the Captain without legal proceedings), it must needs be thus (*i.e.*, according to law).

L. 714. *Pára, pára :* said to the men attending to the litter.

L. 732. *Venís mortal: i.e.*, " Venís con herida mortal " = " you are mortally offended."

L. 735. *El mayor . . . que hombre ninguno :* after the superlative the negative is used.

L. 755. *Pues dárselos*, etc.: "then I must give them without his leave."

L. 772. *No se saldrá tal, par Dios:* "he will not succeed in it, by God." *Par* for *por* by French influence.

L. 795-6. *Vos sabéis . . . gobernado:* You know to what extent my office takes precedence to yours. *Os* is a contraction of *vuestro*.

L. 799. *Que os entráis*, etc.: "it behoves me to prove to you that you are meddling," etc.

L. 859. *Luminarias:* By the bonfires he refers to his order to set fire to the place; it was customary to have illuminations on the arrival of royalty.

L. 877—883. *Si un extraño . . . demás:* "Should I not grant justice to the first stranger who made an appeal," says Crespo, in answer to Lope's taunt, "am I not then to do the same for my daughter as for others?"

L. 910. *Dado garrote:* D. Hinard thus describes an execution of the kind: "Le patient était assis sur un tabouret, le dos appuyé à une poutre, dressée verticalement, et le bourreau l'étranglait par le moyen d'un tourniquet attaché à cette poutre. Ce tourniquet était un bâton court, appelé *garrote*, et c'est de là qu'est venu le nom du supplice" (see Krenkel's note on this line).

L. 911. *Así os atrevisteis:* It was indeed a bold act, inasmuch as those of gentle birth were invariably beheaded.

L. 917—25. *Toda la justicia . . . lo más:* An important speech full of sound sense and freedom from narrowness of view. "All your justice has but one body, and of its many hands, tell me, what matters it greatly whether this or that one kills? When a man has achieved the greater it is a small thing to err in the less."

L. 976-77. *Cuantas veces . . . instrumento:* "whenever I chance to see the rack I have escaped."

L. 978. *El autor:* This is not the poet, but the manager.

VERSIFICATION.

The classical drama is always in verse; and, as there was no special metre introduced for dramatic purposes, as in England and France, the existing metres, of which there was a great wealth, were put into use. Calderon's verse is less varied than Lope de Vega's. In many of his plays, and the *Alcalde* is among these, he confines himself to the old Spanish metres, using *tercets*, sonnets and other Italian measures only when writing for a specially cultivated audience. As already said,[1] assonances were very frequently employed, and gave a desirable freedom to the drama; on the other hand they encouraged the peculiarly Spanish faults of wordiness and over-haste in composition.

In the *Alcalde* the following measures will be found :

(1) The *Romance*, which consists of any number of trochaic lines of seven or eight syllables with assonances in the even lines, 2, 4, 6, etc., or less frequently rhymes. This was a measure mostly employed in narration or in dialogues. (Ex. *Alcalde*, I., 213—556.)

(2) The *Redondilla*, a strophe composed of four lines, usually trochaic, of seven or eight syllables, with strong or weak rhymes, arranged A, B, B, A. Lope de Vega speaks of the redondilla as well adapted for love passages, but here we find it in scenes of animation. (Ex. *Alcalde*, I., 1—100.)

(3) The *Quintilla*, a strophe of five iambic or trochaic rhyming lines of seven or eight syllables. The same rhyme must not occur in more than two successive lines. (Ex. *Alcalde*, II., 503—611.)

(4) The *Silva*, a series of iambic rhyming lines of seven or 11 syllables. This is a measure first brought to great perfection by Garcilasso de la Vega. (Ex. *Alcalde*, I., 557—680.)

When two vowels, or a vowel and an *h* come together there is usually elision. Ex. :

Si ha de ol/vidar/se ima/gino
A la en/trada/del lu/gar.

Hiatus, however, occurs when the accent falls on the syllable to be elided, or when the hiatus gives dignity to the line. Ex. :

Yo por/el pre/so he/veni/do
(hiatus) extra
Yo a/ca le/tengo/preso/.
(hiatus)

[1] See introduction, p. xxiii.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

EDITIONS OF THE WORKS.

There is no complete edition of Calderon's works ; the two most nearly so are those of :—

(1) *Vera Tassis*, who published nine volumes of the Works (1682-1691), comprising 108 of the *Comedias*. These are to be found in the British Museum.

(2) *Hartzenbusch, J. E.*, in the "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles." Vols. VII., IX., XII. and XIV., published by Rivadeneyra, Madrid, 1848, at 10 pesetas.[1] It comprises the *Comedias* collected by Vera Tassis, together with seven others, and a few *entremeses* and *jdcaras*. The Editor supplies us with an introduction, and the biographical and critical articles, written by Vera Tassis and eighteenth century writers. Menéndez y Pelayo complains that Hartzenbusch relied too little on the original MSS, and too much on the text of Vera Tassis, which is the mutilated one of actors and booksellers.

The best selections are the following :

Menéndez y Pelayo, M., *Teatro selecto de Calderón de la Barca*, Madrid, four volumes in cloth, 4/6 each (present price). It is preceded by a very valuable introduction, and contains 15 plays, three *autos* and two *zarzuelas*. The *Alcalde* is in Vol. 2.

McColl, N., *Select Plays of Calderón*, Macmillan, 1888, with an excellent introduction and notes. Plays contained : "El Principe Constante," "La vida es sueño," "El Alcalde de Zalamea," "El escondido y la tapada." Out of print, but in the British Museum Library.

Krenkel, M., *Klassische Bühnendichtungen der Spanier*, Leipzig, 1881-1887, three volumes at 15/6 ; a standard work with introductions and copious notes. Plays contained : "La vida es sueño," "El magico prodigioso," "El Alcalde de Zalamea."

Edition of *El Alcalde de Zalamea. Colección de los mejores autores*, tomo 24, Biblioteca universal, Madrid, 1919 ; present price, 9d. Text good and well printed. This edition which coincides almost entirely with that of Menéndez y Pelayo, and differs little from Krenkel's, is that on which the writer has based the text of this edition.

[1] This is the pre-war price, as with other books, excepting those specially mentioned.

BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL AND LITERARY STUDIES.

Besides the important chapters on Calderon and his works in Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" and that of Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly, are to be mentioned:—Archbishop Trench, Calderon's *Life's a dream, with an essay on his life and genius*, 1857 and 1880, London, an attractive and interesting book.

Schmidt, F. W. V., *Die Schauspiele Calderon's*, Elberfeld, 1857, a useful book with notes and summaries of the various plays.

Pedroso, E. J., *Autos sacramentales*, Bib. de Aut. Espan., Vol. LVIII., at 10 pesetas.

Menéndez y Pelayo, M., *Calderón y su teatro*, Madrid, 1881, a series of eight lectures, full of fine criticism, at 5/- (present price).

Rubio y Lluch, A., *El sentimiento del honor en el teatro de Calderón*, Barcelona, 1882, at 3 pesetas, with an interesting introduction by Menéndez y Pelayo. The book was written soon after the bicentennial Celebration of Calderon, and was crowned by the Academy of Letters of Barcelona.

Günthner, E., *Calderon und seine Werke*, Freiburg, 1888, two volumes.

Savine, A., *Pedro Calderon de la Barca d'après de récentes publications*, Ghent, 1890; a small treatise.

Morel-Fatio, A., *La Comedia espagnole du dix-septième siècle*, Paris, 1903, at 1 fr. 50 c. This book is very interesting, but written from a Frenchman's standpoint.

Huszar, V. (1) *Corneille et le théâtre espagnol*, Paris, 3 frs. 50 c. (2) *Molière et l'Espagne*, Paris, 1907, at 5 frs. Admirable books and most helpful.

Rennert, H. A., *The Spanish Stage in the time of Lope de Vega*, New York, 1909, 3$.

Fitzmaurice-Kelly, J., *Chapters on Spanish Literature*, London, Constable, 1908, at 7/6; containing interesting essays on Calderon and his school.

Stuart, D. C., *Honor in the Spanish Drama*, The Romantic Review, New York, 1910, Vol. I.

Mariscal de Gante, J., *Los Autos sacramentales*, etc., Madrid, 1911, 4 p.

Castro, A., *El sentimiento del honor en Calderón*. Revista de Fil. Esp., 1916. A good article bearing on an important subject.

Fitzgerald, E., *Eight Dramas of Calderon*. Free translations in prose.

HISTORIES, MEMOIRS, ETC.

Lafuente, M., *Historia general de España*, 30 volumes, 1850-67.

Altamira y Crevea, R., *Historia de España*, four volumes, 1900-11, at 24 p.

Hume, M., of the Royal Spanish Academy, in the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vols. III. and IV., at 20/- a volume.

Hume, M., *The Court of Philip IV.*, 1907, London, at 22/- *Spain, its greatness and decay*, 1913, 7/6, Cambridge University Press.

Hume, M., *Philip II. of Spain*, Macmillan, 1897, at 3/-.

Chapman, C. E., *History of Spain*, New York, 1918, at 14/- ; a book avowedly based on Altamira and the Cambridge Modern History.

Silvela de Levielleuze, F., Editor of *Maria de Agreda y Felipe IV. Cartas*, Madrid, 1885. The letters have great historical value and interest.

La Mothe, M. C., Mme. d'Aulnoy (authoress of the famous Fairy Tales). (1) *La cour et la ville de Madrid :* first part out of print. (2) *Relation du voyage d'Espagne.* Edition nouvelle par Mme. Carey, Paris, 1874.

Villars, P. de, *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne de* 1679-81, publiés par Morel-Fatio, 1893 (out of print).

Morel-Fatio, A., *Etudes sur l'Espagne*, Paris, 6 frs.

Havelock Ellis, H., *The Soul of Spain*, London, Constable, 1909, at 7/6. A book giving a good idea of Spain, her people and her art.

Ford, R., *Gatherings from Spain*, Everyman's Library, at 2/-.

Price **2/6** *net.*

A PHONETIC SPANISH READER

BY

E. ALLISON PEERS, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"A SKELETON SPANISH GRAMMAR"

This Phonetic Reader is the first of its kind to be published in England, and should be in the hands of all teachers of Spanish. It gives selections from the prose and poetry of every epoch of Spanish literature, suitable either for reading in class or for committing to memory. Opposite each page of the text is a transcription in the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, and an Introduction explains in a scientific manner the salient points of Spanish pronunciation. The price of the book should place it within the reach of all.

MANCHESTER

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

SPANISH TEXTS

The Manchester University Press have pleasure in announcing a new series of Spanish Texts, under the General Editorship of Mr. E. Allison Peers, M.A., and following the lines of their French and German Series which are now in use at all the Universities in the country and in many leading Schools.

Each volume contains a full Introduction, emphasizing particularly the social and historical background of the work in question and its relation to the literature of the time. Notes added to the text elucidate the principal difficulties, and a comprehensive bibliography, which should be of the greatest service to the University student and to the teacher, is a feature of the series.

INITIAL VOLUMES

CALDERÓN—EL ALCALDE DE ZALAMEA. Edited by Miss IDA FARNELL. 3s. 6d. net.

LAZARILLO DE TORMES. Edited by the Rev. H. J. CHAYTOR, M.A., Fellow and Dean of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. [*In the Press.*

MORATÍN: EL VIEJO Y LA NIÑA. Edited by L. B. WALTON, B.A., Forbes Lecturer in Spanish in the University of Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. net.

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

12 LIME GROVE, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, MADRAS

171169
Calderon de la Barca, Pedro
El Alcalde de Zalamea. Ed.by I.F.Farnell.
LS
C1465a

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED